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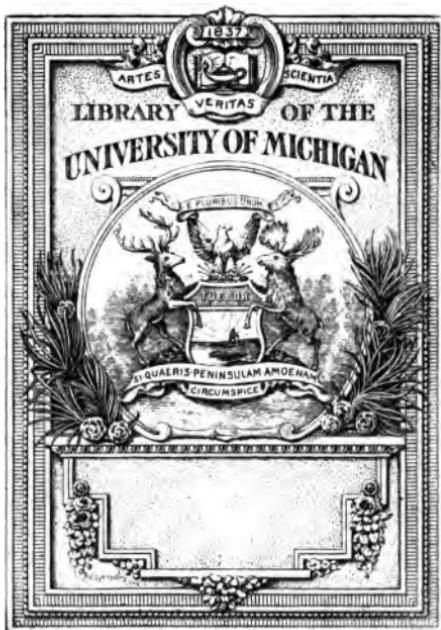
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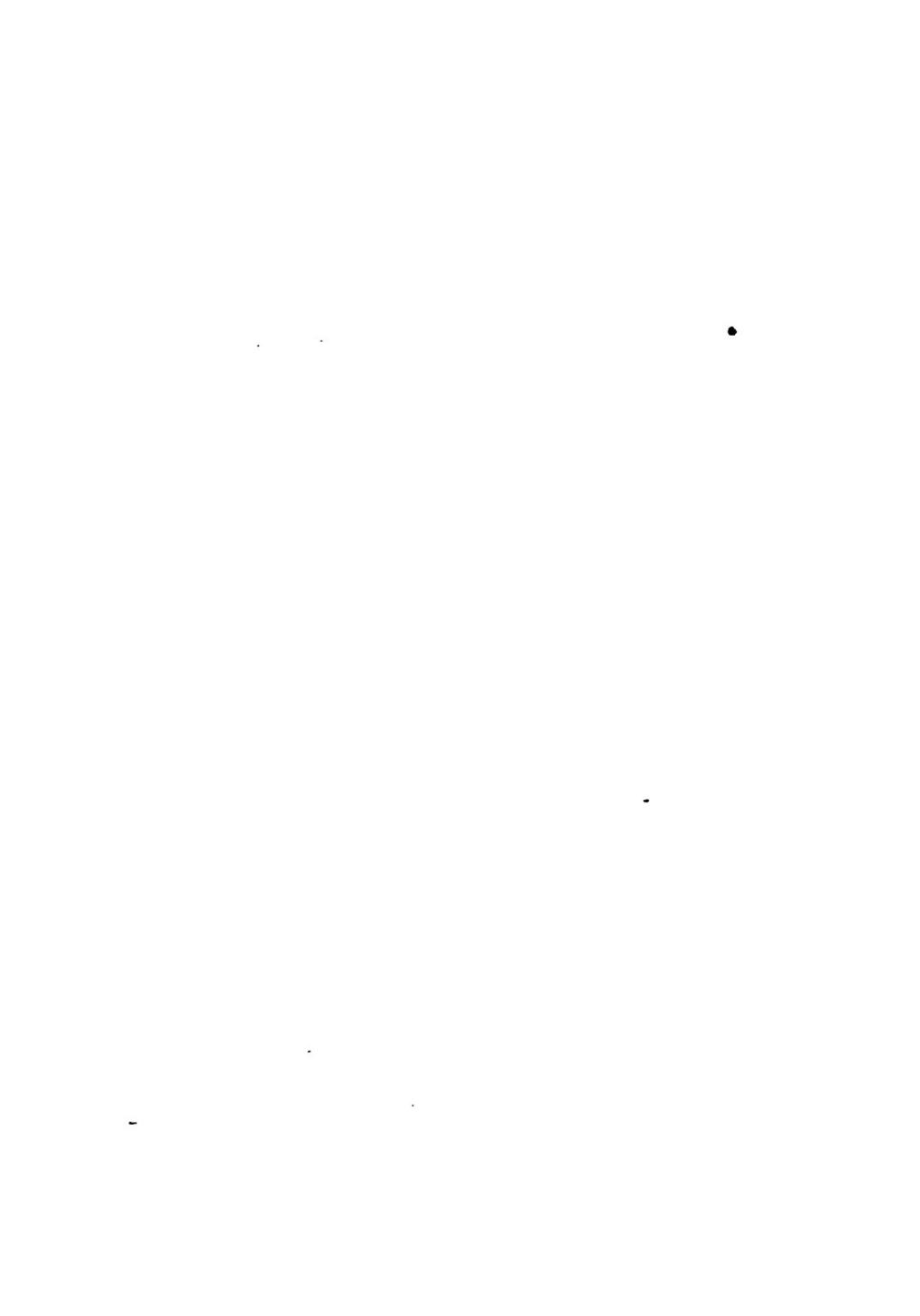
THE
PRISON BARD:
OR
POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY
GEORGE THOMPSON.
FOR FOUR YEARS AND ELEVEN MONTHS A PRISONER IN MISSOURI, FOR ATTEMPTING TO AID SOME SLAVES TO LIBERTY.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

Come ye who love the Saviour's name
And joy His praise to swell,
Attend, while I His grace proclaim,
In this our hallowed cell.

HARTFORD:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.
1848.



P R E F A C E .

I HAVE written a book, giving an account of the imprisonment of Alanson Work, James E. Burr and George Thompson, in which are a few extracts from the contents of this work; but I am advised to send forth to the public the *whole* of my prison poems. With the belief that many of them will be read with interest, and with the hope they may *do good*, by stirring up to more faithfulness some slothful Christian—by encouraging the faithful—by confirming the wavering—cheering the disconsolate—binding up the broken-hearted, and by inducing the reader to “seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness,” I have concluded to prepare them for publication.

That there will be found in them any sublimity of thought—any beauty of expression—any peculiarly striking ideas—or that any poetic genius is manifested, I do not pretend. But that they exhibit the *heart of a prisoner*—the feelings of one suffering very unjustly, and the power of RELIGION to cheer, and support, and fill with “joy unspeakable,” its possessor, in the most afflictive and trying circumstances on earth, I *do* pretend.

They were composed, at various times, during a space of nearly five years, while pursuing my daily toils within

the confines of the slaveholders' prison. Perhaps they will give the reader a more distinct view of my *inward soul*, amid my trials and sufferings, than the book previously mentioned, as they are my *private meditations*.

I arranged them in the form of poetry for the amusement, improvement and profit of myself, as also for the profit of others who might read them. It was my practice to *sing* everything as I composed it, for two reasons—first, that I might the more readily commit the verses to memory—second, to be sure they were measured and accented properly. And the singing of some of the pieces, while at my work, when tempted, tried, disconsolate or joyful, has been a source of great comfort to my soul.

That they may prove as great a blessing to the reader, as did their composition to the suffering prisoner, is the desire of the Author,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

Oberlin, Dec. 15, 1847.

NOTE.—The arrangement will be the order in which they were composed.

WHY IN PRISON?

In the month of July, 1841, I was thrust into Palmyra jail, where I remained seventy-nine days. While there, a sister in Christ asked me the question, "Why are you in that prison?" which drew forth the following:

"In prison ! ah, why is this, my brother dear ?
I was amazed and shocked, such news to hear.
What hast thou done ?—thy Saviour disobeyed,
That thou art thus in chains and prison laid ?"

Hark, sister, while to thee the cause I tell,
Why I was bound, and why now in this cell ;
Why witnesses, who're false, are 'gainst me sworn,
And cruel men with rage and malice burn :—

A man by thieves was met upon his way,
Robbed, bruised and welt'ring in his gore he lay ;
Sad, sad, indeed, the state this man was in,
No one to help or take him to an inn.

A Levite passing where the sufferer lay,
Stopped not to pity—hastened on his way.
A Priest along the same way chanced to go,
He looked, but left the sufferer to his woe.

At length one came who on him looked and *felt*,
Poured oil and wine, as by his side he knelt;
On his own beast he placed the man, relieved,
Conveyed him to an inn, nor pay received.

"*Go, do thou likewise,*" saith my glorious King,
"Relieve the poor, and out of trouble bring;
Where'er thou find him, lend a helping hand,
And aid him on his way to Freedom's land!"

In deep distress a poor man thus I found,
And offered freely to bind up his wound;
The Priest and Levite scorned and passed him by;
The neighbors heeded not his mournful cry.

Knocked down and robbed of all, he long had lain,
By cruel men oppressed and almost slain;
With torturing stripes his back was deeply gashed,
Which oft, through spite and malice, had been lashed.

Thus, groaning, welt'ring and despised by man,
I heard him loudly call, " Help if you can ;
To be delivered from this state I long,
And placed where I may sing sweet Freedom's song."

I listened, while he told his tale of grief,
And longed to find some way for his relief;
My heart with tender sympathy was moved,
And my poor neighbor as myself I loved.

I tried to comfort him, and poured in oil;
I told him of Victoria's happy soil.
"*I'd like to go,*" said he, "*but here I'm bound,*
How can I reach that distant, happy ground ?"

"I'll gladly help you, neighbor, on your way;
We'll carry you by night and hide by day."
"O! this is good! 't is *good!* 't is *GOOD!*" he cried,
"I'll go with you and with you safely ride."

While thus engaged a dreadful voice I heard,
Which threatened *death*, if from the place I stirred!
Amazed was I—my hands were quickly tied,
While hardened robbers stood on either side!

Followed by fiendish spirits, black and white,
With hellish rage they vented out their spite;
While hundreds round us rushed to gaze and rail,
They thrust and locked me fast within this jail!

Such, sister, is the cause why I am here—
Such why my voice you can no longer hear.
Did I, in this, do *wrong*, or sin commit,
Because I wished this man to benefit?

My blessed Saviour did I disobey,
When from this man I crossed not o'er the way?
Because I tried the sufferer to relieve,
Did I, by doing this, the Spirit grieve?

Ah, *no!* the dove is still within my breast,
And 'midst the raging tempest gives me rest;
The Saviour smiles, and all within is peace;
The storm and tumult He will cause to cease.

"Fear not," He says to me; "keep courage good,
I will be with thee through the fire and flood;
You shall not want—I'll be to you a friend,
And all that's needful I will surely send."

Blest Saviour, in Thy word I will confide,
And 'neath the shadow of Thy wing abide.
Now let the tempests howl and hell engage,
Secure and safe am I from all their rage.

Come life or death—come sorrow, ease, or pain—
In Him I'll trust and glory in His name.
“*All things* shall work together for the best,”
And soon I'll with my glorious Jesus rest.

M Y B I B L E .

I had, in jail, my third volume of the Comprehensive Commentary, on a blank leaf of which I wrote:

Dear Bible, I love thee—O yes that I do ;
Thy words yield me comfort and happiness true ;
They check all my doubts—yea, they quell all my fears,
In every condition a *promise* appears.

“The Lord is my shepherd,” no want shall I know,
I lie in green pastures where still waters flow ;
“The Lord is my light, my salvation and song,
The strength of my life,” who can then do me wrong ?

“The Lord is my Fortress, Deliverer and Rock,”
Let arrows fly thickly and enemies mock ;
“My Horn of Salvation, my Shield and my Tower,”
I'll trust to His wisdom, His love and his power.

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

9

“My Strong Habitation,” to which I retire
For safety from foes who against me conspire;
“My Redeemer,” who suffered to save me from sin;
“My Captain,” and with him the day I shall win.

“The Lord is my Father, my Surety and King,”
Through every affliction and trouble He ’ll bring;
His angels around me encamp to defend,
And all needed help He will certainly send.

“Emanuel” is with me—whom then shall I fear?
To all who call on Him He ever is near;
“He ’ll strengthen me, help me and cause me to stand,
Upheld by His faithful, omnipotent hand.”

If troubles draw near them, His servants He’ll hide,
“His Pavilion” is strong, where they safely abide;
Though earth be removed and the mountains depart,
He still will protect them and strengthen their heart.

“The Lord is my Portion, my Shield and my Sun,”
With grace and bright glory He ’ll crown me when done;
“No good,” here on earth will He ever withhold
From sheep of His pasture, the lambs of His feld.

The weakly and sickly He ’ll take in his arms,
To feed and protect them from all that alarms;
Their strength He ’ll renew and will teach them to go
Where waters of life do abundantly flow.

Should dangers arise and dark clouds gather round;
Should friends all forsake and no helper be found;
Should vile men reproach me, blaspheme and menace;
Should death, in forms frightful, e’en stare in my face—

“ Fear not,” says my Saviour, “ I’m with thee to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress;
Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid.

“ When through fiery trials I call the to go,
No evil shall touch thee, I wish thee to know;
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

“ Forget thee, I will not, I cannot forget—
• The palms of my hands do Thy image reflect;
Lest any should hurt thee, I’ll watch day and night—
Thy peace shall be perfect and great thy delight.”

“ The Lord is my Keeper”—He slumbers nor sleeps—
“ The Lord shall preserve me”—my spirit he keeps—
With joy I commit me to His faithful care,
Come life or come death, His rich glory I’ll share.

Farewell, then, vain world, your allurements and toys,
I leave and despise you, for heavenly joys;
Your riches and pleasures to me have no charms,
For shortly I’ll dwell in Emanuel’s arms.

WAITING ON GOD.

"O my soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him."

O wait on the Lord, the Redeemer and King,
In every condition his promises sing;
"They 'll not be ashamed who do wait upon Me,
Their Shield, and Reward, and their Glory I 'll be."

O wait on the Lord, "when sore trials distress,
'T is but to refine you and make you more blest;
When in the hot furnace the Lord doth us choose,
Instead of His wrath, His great mercy it proves."

O wait on the Lord, and thus "glorify Him
In fires and troubles through which He shall bring;"
"He sits as Refiner of silver," to see
When Jesus's image shines clearly in thee.

O wait on the Lord, for "He knoweth your frame,"
"Afflicteth in measure," and comforts the same;
"He feels as a *father*, and pities your state,"
But wants you *subdued*, and on Him learn to wait.

O wait on the Lord, His commandments to know,
"As rivers, your peace shall unceasingly flow;"
"Your righteousness roll like the waves of the sea,
And far from oppression and fear you shall be."

12 POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

O wait on the Lord, " He 'll be ever your Guide,"
" In famine, 'mid plenty, you safe shall abide ;"
" Your soul, like a well-watered garden's supply,"
" And pure springing fountains that never run dry."

O wait on the Lord, and " be careful for naught,
For all things give praises to Jesus who bought ;
To Him make your prayer and unspeakable peace,
Shall keep both your heart and your mind through His
grace."

O wait on the Lord, yes, " continually wait,"
" All need He 'll supply, as his riches are great ;"
Though " thorns" he should give you from pride to keep
free,
My grace," says your King, " is sufficient for thee."

O wait on the Lord, for such only are blest,
" Mid war and commotion in quiet you 'll rest ;"
" As trees by the waters, you never shall droop,
Your leaf shall be green, and unfailing your fruit."

O wait on the Lord, though your 're feeble and faint,
" He 'll give to you power" becoming a saint ;
When weak in yourself and no might seem to have,
Then strength unto strength He most surely will give.

PENITENTIARY, APRIL 11, 1842.

NOTE.—All the remaining pieces, as also the one previous, are Penitentiary meditations. Some were composed while standing at my lathe, some in my room, some at the carpenter's and some at the wagon-maker's bench, some at my meals, some on my bed at night, &c., &c.

M Y C E L L , N o . 1.

I've often heard of prison cells,
And dreary things supposed they were—
Where gloom and darkness only dwells,
To fill the prisoner with despair.

And such they *are*, to carnal hearts,
Who have no Saviour and no God ;
The day rolls slow, the night departs,
And leaves them still a *drear abode*.

But glory to th' eternal King,
Who brought me to this little cell ;
Sweet *pleasure*, here, I find can spring,
For here my God delights to dwell.

A hallowed, consecrated place—
A bethel is my little cell ;
The heavenly Dove descends with grace,
And blessings more than tongue can tell.

The Father and the Son come down,
And with me make their blest abode ;
Not all the honors of a crown
Equal the presence of my God.

He sups with me and I with Him,
He feasts my soul with heavenly love ;

And while I eat my food, so plain,
He pours the manna from above.

Not king nor prince finds such delight,
With all his daily, sumptuous fare,
As I, within my cell at night,
When breathing out my humble prayer.

These iron doors and bricken walls
Do fail to keep my Saviour out ;
He comes and listens to my calls—
Says, “ Peace to thee, my child, fear not.”

In peace I lay me down to rest,
While angels hover o'er my head ;
And while with welcome slumbers blest,
They keep their stations round my bed.

When morning gilds the Eastern sky,
I early rise to sing and pray ;
My Saviour still I find is nigh,
Who never leaves me, night or day.

Let monarchs have their wide domain,
And men of state in mansions dwell ;
Let worldlings shining dust obtain,
But give me *Jesus and my cell*.

DEATH OF ELLEN WORK.

She was about three years old, and died soon after we went to the Penitentiary. Grief and mourning for her father are supposed to have occasioned her death.

Ellen, where art thou, my dear ?
I thy form no longer see ;
Now thy voice I cannot hear ;
Say, my child, where canst thou be ?

Mother ! see, on Jesus' breast !
In my Saviour's arms, who died ;
Nothing now can me molest,
For He keeps me near His side.

Ellen, why so soon removed ?
Was not I a mother kind ?
Have I not thy sorrows soothed ?
Comfort sought for thee to find ?

Mother ! you were kind to me,
And your voice I loved to hear ;
With you always loved to be,
All your lonely hours to cheer.

Had you not a father dear ?
Loved he not your fond embrace ?
Loved he not to wipe the tear
Trickling down your tender face ?

Yes, my mother, but in *chains*—
 He could not come home at all ;
 He could not relieve my pains—
 Could not answer to my call.

Ellen, why for this depart ?
 Why not stay and cheer *me* still ?
 Stay and soothe my aching heart ?
 Was not this thy Saviour's will ?

Mother ! Jesus saw 't was best
 To remove me to this place ;
 In his will, O let us rest ;
 Trust Him for all needed grace.

Ellen, sing your Maker's praise,
 With the saints around the throne ;
 Tune your sweet and heavenly lays
 To the Father, Spirit, Son.

Mother ! can 't you come to me ?
 Better place than earth is this ;
 O what beauties here you 'll see,
 Dwell in everlasting bliss.

Ellen, wait till Jesus speaks,
 Saying to your mother, " come ;"
 Then with you I 'll walk the streets
 Of the New Jerusalem.

Mother, will my father come ?
 Brothers dear and sister, too ?
 Ellen, yes, we 'll come as *one*,
 And forever dwell with you !

DEATH OF REBECCA CONRAD.

**She was a young lady, who was studying at Mission Institute,
for a Missionary.**

“ When I die, let there be shouting.”
Said our sister to those round ;
Yes, belovèd, banish doubting,
Let no saddening tear be found.
Joy and gladness
Should in every heart abound.

Shout ! ye saints, she’s now in glory,
With the ransomed throng above ;
Angels, listen to her story
Of a Saviour’s matchless love.
Blessed station !
She, from thence, will ne’er remove.

Shout ! with harp of gold she’s singing
To Emanuel’s glorious praise ;
Hark ! the arch of heaven is ringing
With her sweet, melodious lays.
Sweet employment !
It shall last through endless days.

Shout ! in robes of white she’s walking
Through the golden streets on high ;
See her with the angels talking,

And to saints around reply.

How they wonder !

Gladness beams in every eye.

Shout ! forever free from sighing,
She no sorrow now will know ;
No more sickness, pain or crying—
These, in heavenly soil, can't grow.
Joy and glory,
Christ doth on His saints bestow.

Shout ! there is no cause for sadness,
'T is our Father's hand and kind ;
While all heaven is full of gladness,
Say, O say, shall *we* repine ?
O ! give glory,
That she dwells in healthier clime.

DEATH OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

He was a brother's son, about one year old.

Dear son, the darling of my breast,
How quickly art thou taken home ;
I scarce am with thy presence blest,
E'er Jesus takes thee to His throne.

But yet I'll murmur nor repine,
The will of God is always best ;

My will to His I do resign,
And in the blest assurance rest.

With one of old I 'll ever say,
(For which is spread abroad his fame,)
“ The Lord did give and take away,
And blessed be his holy name.”

And so like Israel's ancient king—
I 'm satisfied with God's decree,
For shortly “ I shall go to him,
But he shall not return to me.”

Then rest, my child, in Jesus' arms,
Secure from all that can molest ;
Forever free from all alarms,
And with His glorious presence blest.

Thou never now will hunger more,
No pain nor sickness there will know ;
These bitter fruits, on Canaan's shore,
Can find no soil in which to grow.

With saints and angels thou dost dwell,
And though on earth thou couldst not speak,
Yet now thy tongue is loosed, to swell
The heavenly notes which are so sweet.

Sing on, my child, thy Maker's praise,
Louder and louder tune thy harp ;
And when are past a few more days,
I 'll join with you ne more to part.

DEATH OF LOUISA CARTER.

She was a scholar in the Sabbath School of which I was Superintendent, when I left for the Penitentiary.

A rose just beginning to bloom,
And putting forth colors most bright,
By Death's icy hand is cut down,
And taken away from our sight.
Removed from this cold earthly clod,
So poorly adapted to flowers—
Transplanted in gardens of God,
'Mid Eden's refreshing, blest bowers.

By parents 't was nurtured with care—
They watched it by night and by day;
The teacher did water with prayer
The plant so delightful and gay;
But soon did it wither and droop—
Their care could no longer preserve;
The Lord of the Vineyard did stoop
This plant for Himself to reserve.

And now, in the regions on high,
'T will flourish and blossom and grow—
It never can wither or die—
And no chilling winds will it know.
The Lord of the Vineyard dwells there,

And waters the plants of His choice ;
O, His is a *life-giving* care,
That makes all around Him rejoice.

Be faithful, thou teacher of L.,
To all who 're committed to thee ;
Prepare them with Jesus to dwell—
Instruct them from all sin to flee.
Be joyful, ye parents, and sing,
“ Be done, righteous Father, Thy will ;
Descend, holy Spirit, and bring
Sweet balm from th' heavenly hill.”

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.

Be dead, my heart, to earthly joys,
To worldly pomp and pride ;
To all terrestrial, fleeting toys,
And all that heavenly peace destroys—
“ With Christ I 'm crucified.”

Be dead, my hopes, for life to gain,
Behind the *law* to hide ;
My *selfish* works are all in vain—
The law is *broken*, and I 'm slain—
“ With Christ I 'm crucified.”

“ But still I live—and yet not I,
'T is Christ the Lord who died—

He lives in me," and with His eye
Guides me to worlds beyond the sky—
“ With Christ I’m crucified.”

“ I live by faith, the life I live,”
In Jesus’ crimson side,
Who loved me, and His life did give
That I salvation might receive—
“ With Christ I’m crucified.”

BIRTH-DAY REFLECTION.

And now I’ve numbered twenty-five,
And up to manhood grown :
Anew to God, my life I give,
For Him, and His dear cause, to live,
And keep in view my Home.

My days of vanity are past,
My years of childhood o'er :
The joys that but a moment last,—
The phantoms that elude the grasp,
Shall fill my soul no more.

Much of my time has run to waste,—
In childish ways been spent :
But since of Heaven, I’ve had a taste,
To do my Master’s will, I’ll haste,—
For which I here am sent.

This day, I swear allegiance new,
To Jesus Christ, my King ;
My powers combine His will to do,
In all His footsteps to pursue,
And of His glory sing.

Come, Lord, take full possession now,
For Thou hast set me free ;
My will to Thine doth sweetly bow,
No rival in my heart allow,
To Thee, King Jesus, Thee.

The past has been eventful year,
Enclosed in prison walls ;
Excluded from my friends so dear—
Barred from the house of God so near—
And yet He hears my calls.

On every side have gathered fears
And dangers thick around ;
For me have fallen many tears,
And on me many poured their sneers,
And yet my joys abound.

The Lord has been my strength and stay,
The source of my delight ;
He drove my doubts and fears away,
Turned all my darkness into day,
And filled my soul with light.

In him I hope, on him I wait,
According to his word ;
His help He 'll give in every strait,

And never, never me forsake,
For thus hath said the Lord.

My Saviour's will is truly mine,
In which I sweetly rest ;
My all I cheerfully resign,
Nor ever shall my soul repine—
The will of Heaven is best.

AUGUST 12, 1842.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

Hark ! what is this that strikes my ear ?
The shouts of *victory* I hear
Proceeding from the sky ;
One voice above the others sounds,
And reaches earth's remotest bounds,
As quick as lightnings fly.

I see them with a vision clear—
The mighty host is drawing near—
The angels of the Lord ;
There numbers, thousands multiplied,
Extending far on every side ;
The Arch-Angel gives the word.

But oh ! behold my Saviour there,
Surrounded by them in the air—
A cloud His chariot is ;
He comes to break the bars of death,

And bear His ransomed children safe
To everlasting bliss.

And now I hear the trumpet sound !
“ Awake, ye nations under ground,
Death’s iron fetters burst ! ”
O, what a sight ! with bodies new
The shining saints appear in view.—
“ The dead in Christ rise first.”

With them we’re caught into the air,
And rise so quick, without compare,
To meet our glorious King ;
Close seated by our Saviour’s side,
With him upon the clouds we ride,
And alleluiahs sing.

“ So with the Lord we’ll ever be,”
From sin and death forever free,
Secure from every foe ;
With saints and angels we unite,
And shine in robes of spotless white ;
Farewell vain world below.

VICTORY, AND ITS REWARD.

Surrounded by a crazy world,
With all its vanities unfurled,
Which flatter and benumb ;
Ten thousand baits,—ten thousand lies,

To tempt me ne'er from earth to rise,—
How shall I *overcome*?

The flesh, with all its vain desires,—
Pride, envy, hate, and passion's fires,
And every temper wrong:
Fear, low affections, hateful lust,
Vain thoughts, and grovelling in the dust,—
O! can I overcome?

And can I conquer Satan, too,
Yea, all his legion-hosts subdue,
And tread the Tempter down?
His cunning, and his fraud, resist,
While flesh, and all the world assist?
Through CHRIST, I'll overcome.

Myself I yield to His control,
To rule my heart, and fill my soul,—
I trust in Him alone.
By faith, I see the bright reward,—
Believe His never failing word,
To those who overcome.

The “Tree of Life,” they shall partake,
Which grows in Paradise, in state,
And yields a rich supply.
No flaming sword to guard it there,—
“Come, every conqueror, and share,—
Come eat, and never die.”

“The second death” shall have no power
O'er conquerors, in the trying hour,—
Securely they shall rest:

Though friends and neighbors sink to hell,
They shall with Christ in glory dwell,
And be forever blest.

"The hidden manna," they shall eat,
And praise their King for food so sweet,
Who a "white stone" shall give:
A "name that's new is in the stone,
And which is known to others none,
But he who doth receive."

To conquerors, a "power He'll give,
O'er all the nations that do live,
To rule them with a rod."
And more than this, much more, by far,—
He'll give to them the "Morning Star,"
That lights the throne of God.

"White, spotless robes," the Victors wear,
In "Book of Life," their names shine fair,
Which Christ will ne'er erase.
"Before the Angels of our God,
He will confess their names aloud,
And 'fore His Father's face."

Firm "Pillars," they shall ne'er remove
From God's great temple, built above,—
His name shall be on them:
There shall be written on the same,
Their Lord and King, the Lamb's "new name,"
And "New Jerusalem."
But hark! "To those who overcome,
I'll give to ~~the~~ upon My throne,

And be joint-heirs with Me :
As I with Father, sit on His,
So they shall reign with Me in bliss,
And all My glory see."

"A kingdom," each shall then receive,—
"A crown of life," their Lord shall give,
And they shall judge the world :
Welcome each other, face to face—
Pass sentence on the wicked race,
Who down to hell are hurried.

They, thousand times ten thousand fold,
Shall each possess a harp of gold,
To praise their glorious King :
No tears—no groans—no mournful lay—
No pain, through an eternal day,
While they with seraphs sing.

Is this the prize of victory ?
Then, O my soul, encouraged be,
To run the Christian race :
Forget the past, and look before—
Behold the prize on Canaan's shore—
Press on with quickening pace.

O ! what are all thy trials here—
Imprisonment year after year,
While friends and kindred frown ?
Thy suffering days will soon be past,
And thou, a conqueror at last,
Ascend to take thy crown.

Come, come, choose me, for I am thy Lord,

Who thy salvation undertook,
 And for it shed his blood;
Through this thou'lt conquer sin and death;
Shout "Victory!" with thy latest breath,
 And rise to dwell with God.

WALKING WITH GOD.

How brief a history of man,
 Who walked this earthly clod !
 Let human wisdom join to plan,—
 This more contains than volumes can,
 "AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD."

The wicked, round, did mock, deride,
 And charge with being "odd."
 Said all they could to turn aside,—
 That "in his ways he took a pride,"—
 But—"Enoch walked with God."

So steady did he fix his eyes
 Upon his blest abode,—
 And earthly vanities despise,—
 God took him home up through the skies,
 For—"Enoch walked with God."

O ! Christian, wou'l you happy be,
 And live on Angels' food ?
 From sin's dominion now be free,
 And Jesus Christ, in glory see ?
 Come, then, and "walk with God."

Would you be kept in perfect peace,
Through all your earthly road ?—
In heavenly knowledge still increase,
With Angels sing, and never cease ?—
Come, then, and “walk with God.”

Would you behind a record leave,
Like one before the flood ?
Then Jesus’ promises *believe*,—
His full salvation *now receive*,—
Come, Christian, “walk with God.”

Renounce the world, with all its show,
Though many call you odd :
Come, in the Saviour’s footsteps go,
And let the world around you know
That you *will* “walk with God.”

If wealth you seek, that quickly flees
Before Jehovah’s nod :
Or worldly fame, or sensual ease,
Or strive a trifling world to please,—
You cannot “walk with God.”

But consecrate your life to Him,
Who gave his precious blood :
Renounce yourself, and every sin,
And daily press the prize to win,—
O ! Christian, “walk with God.”

THE UNSEEN HAND.

A hand unseen, there is, I know,
From whence my many blessings flow,—

A hand that's wise and good :
It loads my table when I'm out,
And from this hand, I've not a doubt,
 Comes all my daily food.

It guards me in the darkest hour,
From all the ills that would devour,—
 Securely makes me rest,
While others, filled with anxious fear,
Lest some destruction should be near,
 Or death should them arrest.

It guides my steps through all the day,
And if so be I go astray,
 It gently leads me back ;—
Preserves me, going out and in,
From foes without, and foes within,—
 No good it lets me lack.

At home, abroad, on sea, or land,
I am protected by this hand,
 Which every want supplies :
From none, assistance it withholds,
Who earnest seek, with upright souls,
 And on its aid relies.

Through many dangers I have come,
Since I my pilgrimage begun,
And left my native land :
But in the time of greatest fear,
I found a great Deliverer near,—
This gracious, unseen hand.

Whatever, then, may yet befall,—
Though threat'ning dangers should appal,
And Hell my way withstand,—
In Prison, free, 'mong foes, or friends,
Joyful, I'll take whate'er it sends,
And trust the unseen hand.

O ! Christian, trust, nor be afraid,—
Just keep your mind on Jesus staid,—
Survey the promised land :
And as you journey, don't forget
The power that guards you, every step,
This faithful, unseen hand.

Gird on the armor of your Lord,—
Be ready to obey His word,—
Your wings of faith expand,—
Above terrestrial things arise
To nobler joys beyond the skies,—
And view the unseen hand.

“THIS DO, IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

Dear Saviour, now enthroned on high,
Who gav'st Thyself for us to die ;—

And lest we ever should forget
Thy dying groans, and bloody sweat,
Did'st charge Thy followers, bond and free,
"This do in memory of Me."

Thy dying charge we will obey,
In this our simple, humble way :*
O, let us each Thy love partake,
While now Thy death we celebrate ;
From sin's dominion set us free,
And help us to remember Thee.

Thou art the true and living bread,
With which our needy souls are fed ;
As water makes our *bodies* clean,
Thy blood shall cleanse our *souls* from sin ;
Thy fair example let us see,
For, Lord, we would remember Thee.

Thy spotless life we call to mind,
With all Thy treatment so unkind,—
The Garden, Judgment-hall, and thorns,—
The nails, the spear, and impious scorns,—
While each can say, "Twas all for *me*,"
O, Lord, we *do* remember Thee.

Our cov'nant vows we now renew,
Thy will to suffer, or to do :

* During our imprisonment, we frequently begged of ministers, that they would administer to us the Lord's Supper. Being refused, we observed the ordinance among ourselves, having our corn bread, and water, which supported our natural life, as emblems of the body and blood of Christ, by which the spiritual life is sustained.

Give us Thy Spirit for our guide,
That we may never turn aside :
See now, Thy little children see,
Henceforth, we will remember Thee.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Now our weekly toils are o'er,
Blessings on them we implore :
Lord, let not our works be vain,
We have done them for Thy name,
On them smile, and give success,
To relieve the poor opprest.

Let our thanks acceptance meet,
For the blessing of the week ;
Let our prayers and praises come
Like sweet incense 'fore Thy throne :
Hear, and send us answers down,
For the sake of Thy dear Son.

By Thy hand, have we been fed,
With all "*good*," as Thou hast said :
"Bread and water," has been sure,
While have suffered many poor :
Living bread, we've had to eat,
And with Thee, communion sweet.

From all evils, we've been kept,
Both awake, and when we slept:
Coming in, and going out,
Mercy compassed us about,
At whose voice the tumults cease,
He has kept our souls in peace.

Thanks we give Thee, and adore,
O, for grace to love Thee more:
Lord, forgive what Thou hast seen,
Where unthankful we have been:
All our sins, in word and thought,
O, for Jesus' sake, blot out.

Now prepare us for Thy day,
Drive our worldly cares away:
Fix our minds, compose our hearts,
Give the peace Thy smile imparts:
Fill our souls with heavenly love,
Foretaste of our Rest above.

Now we will begin our song,
Sabbaths ne'er can be too long:—
Day on which our Lord arose,
Conquering Death, and all his foes:
When we breathe its holy air,
Let us in the victory share.

THE MISSIONARY'S COMFORT AND SUPPORT.

“ I am with thee, I will keep thee,”
In the way thy duties lead :
I will strengthen, I will help thee,
And supply thy every need.
I am with thee,
Go, and to my words give heed.

When thou leav’st thy friends and neighbors,
Parents, Brothers, Sisters dear,
To commence thy mission labors,
Then dry up the falling tear.
I will lead thee,
Thou must not give place to fear.

When through forests thou art roaming,
Seeking for the Heathen tribe,
Or along the cataract foaming—
Or where rivers gently glide,
I will keep thee,
Every want shall be supplied.

When thou tread’st the snow-capt mountain,
Learning with them to converse ;
Or beside the crystal fountain,
Dost Mount Calvary’s scenes rehearse,
I will bless thee,
Heathen darkness shall disperse.

Tossed upon the mighty ocean,
Under strong tempestuous gale,
All around in wild commotion,
Making every face look pale,
I will help thee,
Never let thy courage fail.

When o'er burning deserts straying,
Thou no cooling shade canst see ;
Or disease is on thee preying,
Thou shalt not forgotten be ;
I will help thee,
Only stay thy mind on Me.

When for days and nights together,
Thou hast neither drink nor food ;
And no shelter from the weather—
Keep thy mind in cheerful mood.
I will help thee,
Thou shalt lack no *real* good.

When they beat you, bear it meekly—
Cast you into pits, rejoice—
In the dungeon, sing so sweetly
As to stop the scoffer's voice ;
I will help thee—
Shout and make a joyful noise.

When to Pagans thou art preaching,
Making known salvation's way ;
Crowds, shall gather round thee, weeping,
Loudly crying—"for me pray."

I will help thee,
They shall cast their Gods away.

Thou shalt teach the heathen mother,
To preserve and love her child :
See the children love each other,
And the father kind and mild ;
I will help thee,
Therefore thou canst tame the wild.

Come, my sons and daughters, *hasten*--
Up, and gird your armor on ;
Go to some benighted nation,
Where the light has never shone :
I will help you,
Go, and make my Gospel known.

Go--and sound the proclamation,
“Peace and pardon through My Son .”
Give to *all* the invitation,
Overlook in darkness *none*.
I will help you,
Every tribe to me shall come.

On my promises relying,
Go--and rude Barbarians teach :
Every worldly lust denying,
Show in practice, what you preach,
I am with you—I will help you,
Go--“a crown I’ll give to each.”

THE CANDLE OF THE LORD.

Our Father's candle, O, how bright!
By which we read His Word:
“The lesser light that rules the night”—
“The candle of the Lord.”

It fills our little cell with light,
We read, and sing, and pray ;*
It guides the wanderer aright,
And makes him know his way.

It lights His children to the place,
Where they their vows have made—
Been strengthened in the christian race,
While seeking heavenly aid.

But a far brighter light have we,
By our kind Father given :
“The light of Life”—by which we see
The way that leads to heaven.

It shows to us the rocks and shoals,
That in our voyage lie:
And safely guides our precious souls,
To fairer worlds on high.

It tells from whence the storms do come,
And what will make them cease :
We clearly see our blissful *Home*—
The Port of endless peace.

* We were in the habit of reading by *moonlight*.

THE WILL OF CHRIST IS BEST.

Be still my soul and murmur not,
But count thyself most blest:
Whate'er on earth may be thy lot,
The will of Christ is best.

When sore afflictions cause the tear
To fall upon thy breast,
Then let this thought thy spirit cheer,
The will of Christ is best.

When from thy kindred thou art torn,
By sudden, rude arrest;
And into hostile regions borne—
The will of Christ is best.

When foes arise, and friends forsake,
And thou art made a jest,
Ne'er let thy confidence abate,
That Jesus' will is best.

When for thy blessed Saviour's sake,
Reproaches on thee rest;
And of His suffering thou partake—
The will of Christ is best.

When dashed thy hopes and crossed thy plans,
Thy faithfulness to test;
Whate'er the sacrifice demands,
The will of Christ is best.

When Death shall take thy bosom friend,
Or children home to rest;
For Parent, Brother, Sister, send—
The will of Christ is best.

And when for *thee*, thy Lord shall call,
And thou dost heaven possess;
Thou, at His feet, wilt humbly fall,
And own his will was best.

Then now *believe* this simple word,
However much distract;
For nations yet unborn, record
The will of Christ is best.

Let billows dash, and tempests blow,
And trials on thee press;
Wait on the Lord, and thou shalt know
The will of Christ is best.

O, this doth all my sorrows heal,
My doubts and fears repress:
While in my heart this truth I feel—
The will of Christ is best.

Had I a voice so strong and loud
To reach from east to west;
I'd say to all with sorrows bow'd,
THE WILL OF CHRIST IS BEST.

DEATH OF MOSES HUNTER.*

A Prince and a man that was great,
 Has fallen in Israel to-day ;
 Those hearing the words that he spake,
 Will witness to what I now say.
 His simple and ardent desire,
 Was only to know "*What is right?*"
 For this he would often enquire,
 And this was his study by night.

When clearly this truth he could view,
 To preach and to *do* was his aim ;
 Though many opposed him, or few,
 He ever remained the same.
 Their scoffs, taunts, and sneers he despised,
 Reproaches, with patience did bear ;
 Reviled, he reviled not again,
 But gave himself humbly to prayer.

The Bible, he took for his guide,
 At home, or when going abroad ;
 Though many his ways did deride,
 He clung to the laws of his God,
 Inscribed, and so dear to his heart,
 Its precepts, commandments and laws,
 With wealth and applause, he did part,
 And scorned earthly pleasures as straws.

* Principal of the Missionary Institute.

O'er sins of the people, he sighed,
And things that were wrong in the land;
Against them, most loudly he cried,
And thundered God's holy command.
To Moses, they could not reply,
" And what more than others do you?"
They cannot—they dare not deny,
In *practise*, he showed what to do.

His heart was enlarged for the *world*,
As far as the effects of the fall:
The sign of his banner unfurled,
Was plainly, " **SALVATION TO ALL.**"
And how to accomplish this work,
He studied by day and by night;
His body and mind did exert,
To bring this revolted world right.

And when he no longer could walk,
(But feeling the work *must be done,*)
Unable on crutches to halt,
He'd ride in the arms of his son.
And then, O! how gracious the words,
That fell from his quivering lips;
So feeble, he scarce can be heard,
As on his soft pillow he sits.

And when the kind angel drew near,
To bear him to mansions on high;
His mind was composed and clear,
And he to his friends did reply;
" I'm *ready*, and have been, for years—
I've finished my work while 'twas day;

And now, my Redeemer appears,
To bear his poor servant away.

" My wife and my children, I leave
With Christ their Redeemer and Friend ;
My God will the widow relieve,
And all needed good He will send—
O ! tell those young soldiers of His,
One interest have with your God,
Strive always your Savior to please,
Secure in your hearts, His abode."

He's gone—and we see him no more ;
With Angels he now walks in white ;
Afflictions and sorrows are o'er,
In lands of eternal delight.
No mid-summer's sun, nor the cold,
Can ever affect those bright plains ;
No evil he e'er shall behold—
Eternally soothed are his pains.

Ye children and wife, murmur not ;
Submit to your kind Father's hand :
Be faithful, and soon you'll be brought,
To meet in Emmanuel's land.
Our Moses, dear Lord, Thou hast took,
O ! send us our Joshua too ;
Our souls to Thee only, now look,
To guide us in all that we do.

EDWIN LOVEJOY WORK'S PRAYER FOR BREAD.

He was about five years old, when his mother was out of flour, and nearly all provisions—nor knew where she should get any. Little Edwin betook himself to prayer, at night—the next day, a man, very unexpectedly brought them some flour. The occurrence is described below.

"O, Father in heaven, give mother some bread,
The world is all Thine, and by Thee we are fed;
The hearts of the rich, Thou canst easily affect,
Incline them to give us—our lives to protect."

Our father they've fastened in high prison walls,
He cannot come to us, nor answer our calls;
He works very hard from the morning till eve,
But can't give us bread, nor our hunger relieve.

O ! Father in heaven, our mother is poor,
And sometimes so sick she can scarce leave the door;
Our brother is small, and he has to be led,
And, oh, how can mother provide for us bread ?

Already, our horse and our waggon she's sold,
And numerous things to preserve us from cold;
The officers come for to take what is left,
And heed not the cries of our mother bereft.

O, Father in heaven, in mercy behold—
When poor cry to Thee, Thou'll answer, we're told—
O, send us some bread, and do not let us fall—
Dear Father, dear Father, do hear now, my call."

The ears of the Saviour were opened to hear;
He heard and He answered this little boy's prayer.
On next day, at supper, the following scene,
In substance took place—and 'twas thus it began.

"I know what it was made you get this good flour,
Dear mother, I *prayed* in the dark silent hour;
I asked God in *faith*, and I knew He would do,
He told Mr. C. he must give it to you."

You would not have got it, if I had not prayed;
Then never, dear mother, again be afraid;
Our Father in heaven knows just what we need,
In Him let us trust, and with *good* He will feed."

Thus Edwin did wrestle, like Jacob of old,
And would not, like Israel, let go his hold;
With God he prevailed, and obtained his request,
And happy those parents, with such a child blest.

YOUNG MAN, REMEMBER.

The following was addressed to a fellow prisoner, and afterwards given to another as he left us.

Young man, remember what you are—
A *mortal*—soon to die;
Your flesh the object of your care,
Though now it seem so bright and fair,
A putrid mass will lie.

Death hastens on apace for you,
To bear your spirit hence;

The things that now attract your view,
And occupy your study too,
Will furnish'no defence.

But *whither* will your spirit go ?
Ah ! *whither* will it fly ?
To that dark world of endless woe,
Where it no happiness will know ?
Or up to God on high ?

Remember—'tis for *you* to say,
Where shall your spirit dwell ;
In climes of perfect, cloudless day,
Where ne'er is heard a mournful hay—
Or with the damned in Hell.

Now lowly at the Saviour's feet,
Confess your every sin ;
With true repentance, mercy seek,
And you shall find forgiveness sweet,
And heavenly peace within.

Renounce the world's deceitful show,
And serve the Lord alone ;
E'er seek your Master's will to know,
And you shall then to glory go,
And find with Him your home.

But if your sinful course you choose,
And feed on sensual joys ;
Obedience to your Lord refuse,
The offers of His grace abuse,
And cleave to earthly toys ;

With hope and joy you then must part—
 Forever, know no peace;
 Shut out from God, in dismal dark,
 Beneath His angry stroke to smart,
 In pains that never cease.

O, Sir, the Saviour's call obey,
 Submit, and own him King;
 Yield up your heart without delay,
 And you shall happy be to-day,
 And with the Angels sing.

“AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPS T,” &c.

From the above words I preached to the Prisoners, and sang
 the following—made for the occasion :

Sinner, awake, and rise
 From sin, and death, and woe ;
 Arouse, and open now your eyes,
 Before you farther go.

Awake—and look *within*—
 Your crimes are multiplied !
 Reflect, repent, and turn from sin,
 For Jesus Christ has died.

Awake—for death is near,
 O, then, no longer sleep ;
 The Saviour calls—awake, and hear,
 And o'er your follies weep.

O, Sleeper, *now* awake,
And shun that awful Hell;
Before another step you take,
Your state, O, who can tell!

Arise—to Jesus come,
And He will give you light;
Come, love the Lord, for what He's done,
And serve Him with your might.

O, *do* at once arise,
And make your peace with God;
He'll take you then, above the skies,
To rest in His abode.

MY CELL. No. 2.

The following, composed in the midst of an interesting revival
in the Prison, explains itself.

Come ye who love the Saviour's name,
And joy His praise to swell;
Attend, while I His grace proclaim,
In this, our "*hallowed cell*"

The God of comfort to our hearts,
Our glory and delight,
A joy unspeakable imparts,
And new, increasing light,

'Tis here, we read and sing and pray
Before the mercy seat;

'Tis here, we find from day to day,
With God, communion sweet.

With cheerful hearts, we celebrate
His dying, rising love ;
In faith, the living bread partake,
Which comes from heaven above.

Tis here, the Christian band we meet,
Upon the Sabbath day ;
With rapturous joy each other greet,
And run the heavenly way.

Together here the sinners crowd,
To hear what they must do ;
And when before the Lord they're bowed,
For mercy, earnest sue.

Their solemn groans, and mournful sighs,
Bespeak their inward grief :
With bleeding hearts, and streaming eyes,
They beg from God, relief.

Their sins they heartily confess—
Forgive, and are forgiven :
The Lord doth own, and richly bless,
And writes their names in heaven.

The hoary-headed, hard in sin,
Just bending o'er the grave ;
Do here, their *real* lives begin,
For Him, who died to save.

The youth, in vice and crime, for years,
And men of middle age ;
Here come, and with a flood of tears,
To serve the Lord engage.

The long-lost prodigal returns,
The dead revive and live ;
The Saviour's love within them burns,
And praise to Him they give.

The tiger is a quiet lamb—
The vulture now a dove—
And doubt this grace no mortal can—
Such fruits are from above.

But O, to hear the converts sing,
And shout with joyful voice—
To hear them pray, and praise their King,
The Angels must rejoice.

'Tis here they tell what God has done—
Snatched them from sin and death ;
And how they will, in time to come,
For Him employ their breath.

'Tis here they go from strength to strength,
And mount on eagle wing ;
Rejoicing to arrive at length,
Where saints and seraphs sing.

With *eagerness* they catch the Word,
That makes their duty plain ;
And cling, by faith, unto the Lord,
Nor fear reproach and pain.

The little band increases fast,
And sinners crowd the door ;
The glorious time has come at last—
O, Lord, we plead for more.

I love in such a place to dwell—
These lambs to me are dear.
Glory to Jesus ! for my *cell*—
Hosannah ! that I'm here.

O ! what is *liberty* to me,
Or friends, however near ?
Since scenes like these I here may see,
And things like these can hear.

Let those who wish, seek worldly fame,
And warriors wonders tell ;
But give to me, *reproach and shame*,
With JESUS and MY CELL.



TRUSTING IN GOD.

Thrice happy is the soul
Who trusteth in the Lord ;
Though waves of trouble roll,
Still lives upon His Word.
O, come and trust your faithful Lord,
And live secure upon His Word.

Though dash the raging seas,
And fierce the tempests blow ;
That man shall dwell at ease,
Nor harm nor fear shall know.
O, come and trust, &c.

Let hungry lions roar,
And seek in vain for food ;
He draws from grace's store,
And lacks no real good.
O, come and trust &c.

When threat'ning clouds increase,
Which worldly minds distress ;
A perfect heavenly peace,
His spirit shall possess.
O, come and trust, &c.

Though earth and hell unite,
And jointly roar aloud ;
They never shall affright,
The soul that trusts in God.
O, come and trust, &c.

He fears no lion's den,
Nor flaming furnace hot ;
Nor schemes to torture men,
That earth and hell can plot.
O, come and trust &c.

The lions' mouths are closed,
And harmless is the flame ;
For trust in God reposed,

Shall never be in vain.
O, come and trust, &c.

I He safely shall abide
Beneath the Almighty's wing;
And every storm out ride,
And ever sweetly sing.
O, come and trust, &c.

At home, or when abroad,
Upon the sea or land;
The mighty, faithful God,
Will keep him in His hand.
O, come and trust, &c.

On Him roll all your care,
Your burden and your grief;
In *faith* pour out your prayer
And you shall have relief.
O, come and trust, &c.

God will the widow bless—
Alive her children keep—
Relieve them in distress,
And comfort when they weep.
O, come and trust, &c.—

In every state most blest,
And happy while below;
And then, forever rest,
From sorrow, pain and woe.
O, come and trust your faithful Lord,
And live secure upon His Word.

BIRTH-DAY REFLECTION. No. 2.

Another year has rolled away,
And now, my soul, let us survey
 The goodness of the Lord ;
Great things, indeed, He's done for thee—
Though I'm in prison, *thou* art free,
 His mercies now record.

How quickly have thy moments fled !
How many numbered with the dead,
 And gone their Judge to meet !
Whilst thou, unworthy as thou art,
Wast shielded from each fiery dart,
 Thy Saviour's love to speak !

'Tis He has cheered thee 'mid the gloom,
Turned all thy midnight into noon,
 And fed thee with His love ;
Quelled all thy doubts and rising fears,
Amid temptations, scoffs and sneers,
 And lifted thee above.

When barred from His own house, so dear,
He made thy *cell* a house of prayer,
 And here His power displayed—
By bringing sinners to His feet,
And giving saints communion sweet,
 While converts sung and prayed.

A year of wonders it has been—
Such glorious things as thou hast seen

Should cause thee to adore ;
O, Lord, not unto me, the praise,
But to Thy name, in thankful lays,
Both now and evermore.

Encouraged by Thy mercies past,
I'll trust Thy wisdom to the last,
And live secure on Thee ;
Ten thousand trials in my way—
But Thou hast been my strength and stay,
And evermore wilt be.

No earthly kin has ventured near,
To visit Thy poor servant here,
But Thou hast not forsook ;
I have the promise of Thy word,
That Thou wilt *ne'er* forsake me, Lord—
And unto Thee, I look.

Anew, I lay me at Thy feet,
A living sacrifice—to meet
What boundless love shall give ;
To follow still my Prison toil,
Or labor on some heathen soil,
And bid the dying live.

Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth now—
My will to Thine, doth sweetly bow ;
O, gird me for the race ;
To bear afflictions, pains, and death—
For Thee, employ my latest breath,
And dwell before Thy face.

My days like weavers' shuttles fly—
My weeks, and months roll quickly by,
And never will return ;
Then what my God points out to do,
My soul, with all your might pursue,
And every trifle spurn.

Thy earthly work may all be done,
Before another birth-day come,
And thou be snatched away ;
With thee, though it may seem but noon,
This year, may crawling worms consume
Thy tenement of clay.

Thy fleeting moments then improve,
And faithful be in works of love,
While here below you stay ;
The wicked warn, and comfort saints—
And soon, what fancy never paints,
You'll see in endless day.

Let all thy thoughts be lifted high,
To mansions far above the sky,
Where saints and angels dwell ;
Tread all the world beneath thy feet,
And let a true *example* speak
What words can never tell.

Where'er I am—whate'er I do,
Help me, O, Lord, to keep in view
Thy glory and my end ;
My aims and interests be one,

With Thee the Father, and the Son—
With Thine my efforts blend.

And when my days on earth are o'er,
Receive me to that happy shore,
To join the blood-washed throng;
The praise and glory shall be thine,
While we adore Thy love divine,
And sing Redemption's song.

Aug. 12, 1843.

EXPLANATION OF Ps. 110:3.

When God, with wondrous power and love,
Shall pour His spirit from above,
To rouse the nations from their sleep,
That they the mighty God may seek—
May dash their idols to the ground,
And call for help, with piercing sound.

His people, then, with *willing heart*,
Will joyfully consent to part
With kindred, country, home and friends,
To go where'er their Master sends—
Nor will they stop for toil or pain,
But *haste* to spread Emanuel's name.

They'll come as noble *volunteers*,
Constrained by neither bribes nor fears;
But *free-will offerings*, they will be,
Responding, "Here am I, send me"—

Arrayed in robes of righteousness,
And beautified with holiness.

No more will converts then, be *few*,
But numerous as the drops of dew,
Which silently distil at night,
And brought to view by morning light—
So great a number, vast amount,
No human powers can ever count.

From every nation, kindred, tongue,
The rich and poor, the old and young—
Millions unnumbered, haste to find
The great Redeemer of mankind—
And falling at his feet, adore,
And love and praise, forevermore.

The morning rays already shine,
So near at hand this glorious time.
Those “volunteers,” O, where are they,
To usher in meridian day ?
Up, Christians, up, and sally forth,
From East to West, from South to North.

E T H I O P I A. Ps. 68: 31. 87: 4. Zeph. 3: 10.

The following was suggested by reading a part of a letter from bro. Wilson, Gaboon River, on a small bit of newspaper.

To Africa's center where Ethiops dwell,
With ardent emotions my bosom doth swell,

To go and make known the free offers of God,
“Redemption and pardon, through Jesus’ blood.”

From thence came the eunuch to hear the glad word,
Believed, and embraced his once crucified Lord—
Returned to his country the news to proclaim,
“Salvation! Salvation! through faith in his name.”

There Matthew once labored, and preached for their good;
While many believed him, yet others withheld—
They seized him in rage, ‘mid contention and strife,
And following his Master, he gave up his life.

But darkness has long since enveloped the whole,
And Satan usurped undisputed control;
Their country, for ages, to white men, unknown,
While virtue, religion, and knowledge have flown.

Yet thus saith the *promise* concerning this land,
“In prayer unto God, she shall soon stretch her hand”—
Her idols, in haste, from their seats shall be hurled,
The banner of Jesus in triumph unfurled.

Her vain superstitions shall vanish like dew,
And converts, by thousands, for mercy shall sue;
Her kings, chiefs and subjects, shall all flock around,
To hear with attention, the gospel’s glad sound.

The laborer here, may be *sure* of success,
The word has gone forth, and Jehovah will bless;
On His faithful promise His children may lean,
And glorious fulfilments by all shall be seen.

A nation superior in powers of mind,
 In ~~this~~ unexplored and vast region we find;
 With noble appearance, and feelings humane,
 Where Slavery, and traders in men, never came.

Again saith the promise, "This man was born there,"
 And that one, and many, in answer to prayer:
 "From thence shall My suppliants come, humbly to bring
 Their offerings to Me, their Redeemer and King."

She once was a country of far-famed renown,
 Where honor, and riches, and learning were found;
 Again shall she rise, and far brighter shall shine,
 When blessed with the Gospel, the treasure divine.

Already she stretches her hands for our help,
 O, where is the heart that refuses to melt?
 My soul leaps to tell them of Calvary's scene,
 O, bear me, ye winds, and ye waters to them.

PENITENTIARY, Aug. 31, 1848.

PERSECUTION FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

What though the wicked hate me sore,
 And arrows sharp, in vollies pour,
 Because I love and serve my God?
 They treated thus my Saviour dear—
 And this shall quell my every fear,
 "I tread the path my Jesus trod."

What though they scoff, revile, menace,
 And think to load me with disgrace,
 While human furies wait their nod?

For me, my Saviour bore the same,
And I with patience, for His name,
Will cheerful tread the path He trod.

Though they imprison, bind and beat,
Then tread me down beneath their feet,
And taunting, ask, "Where is your God?"
I'll view my Saviour's thorny crown,
The blood profusely pouring down—
And triumph in the path He trod.

And though they join in angry strife,
While naught will quell them but my life,
As greedily they drink my blood;
My dear Redeemer thus was slain,
And suffering, I shall with Him reign,
By following in the path He trod.

A countless host already gone,
Are wearing now the Martyr's crown,
And nearest to the throne of God;
They shine the brightest of the train,
And loudest praise the eternal name,
Who led them in the path He trod.

Then welcome dungeons, pain, and shame,
Yea, welcome death, for Jesus' name,
And bear me to His blest abode;
In tribulation I'll rejoice—
In persecution tune my voice,
And glory in the path He trod.

SEPT. 28 1843.

PRAYER FOR THE OPPRESSED.

O, 'tis a doleful sound I hear—
The cries of those in deep distress ;
Millions in this our land, so dear,
Whom hardened, cruel men oppress !

Great God, behold their wretched state,
And listen to the sighs they pour ;
Do *Thou* their iron fetters break,
And bid their sorrows be no more.

Let every effort, Lord, be blest,
To take the galling yoke away ;
O, hear our prayers, and give them rest,
Come, Lord, O, come, without delay.

The work is *Thine*—we look to Thee,
And on Thy arm alone we lean ;
O, set the mourning captive free,
And let Thy mighty power be seen.

MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

I began to arrange the miracles, poetically, in chronological order, but did not get through with them. And the poetry of those, I did attempt, is so very poor, I am almost ashamed to insert them. It is a sufficient apology to say they were composed in a prison, amid multiplied labors and perplexities—again, had I chosen my own language, the poetry might have been better, but my object was, to use, as much as possible, the exact language of the Bible. And I studied to express them as concisely as could be done, and give the facts. With this explanation, I insert a part of them.

THE RULER'S SON HEALED.

A Ruler heard that Christ had come,
And cried, "come down and heal my son—
He's at the point of death."
"You won't believe that I am He—
Till signs and wonders you shall see—
Who holds your mortal breath."

The Nobleman did thus reply,
"Come down, Sir, ere my child shall die,
O, come without delay."
"Go home—your son 's alive and well"—
The servants haste the news to tell—
He finds it as they say.

THE CENTURION'S SERVANT HEALED.

"With palsy sick, my servant lies,
In torments great, with bitter cries"—
Said the centurion.
"I'll come and heal him, if you wish,
I love the helpless to assist'—
'Twas at Capernaum.

“I am unworthy you should come
Beneath the shelter of my dome,
But speak, and he’ll be healed ;
My soldiers do whate’er I say—
My servant, promptly does obey—
Thus plagues to Thee do yield.”

“ Go back—and as thou hast believed,
So shall thy servant be relieved—
Such faith, I have not found.”
The servant, in that very hour,
Was rescued from the palsy’s power,
And made entirely sound.

CHRIST ASLEEP ON THE PILLOW.

Once, on the Lake Gennesaret,
Wearied with constant toils, He slept—
A mighty tempest blew ;
The waves arose, and every surge,
Did quite their little bark immerge—
They knew not what to do.

In haste, they woke Him from His sleep,
“Master, we perish in the deep,
Lord, save us or we die.”
He rose, and bid the winds “Be still”—
The raging billows at his will,
Are calm, and quiet lie.

THE MANIAC HEALED.

A man with devils long possessed,
Was naked, ’mong the tombs, distressed,
And cried both night and day ;

So fierce, and cut with stones, insane—
They could not bind him with a chain,
And none dare pass that way.

At Jesus' feet he humbly bow'd,
Beseeching HIm, in accents loud,
“ I pray torment me not;”
“ What is your name ?” “ 'Tis ‘legion,’ Sir,
For such a number sure we are.”
“ Ye spirits foul, come out.”

“ May we the herd of swine possess,
That 's feeding in the wilderness ?”
“ I suffer it to be.”
They all plunged quickly o'er a steep,
And overwhelmed in the deep,
They perished in the sea.

THE MAN, LET DOWN THROUGH THE TILING, HEALED.

Down through the tiling where He stood,
They let a palsied man, for good,
As on his bed he laid ;
“ Cheer up, and now courageous be,
Thy sins are all forgiven thee,”
The blessed Saviour said.

But some were there, who thought within,
“ Who can, but God, forgive a sin ?
He doth blasphemous talk.”
“ But which is easier to say,
I pardon all thy sins to-day,
Or take thy bed and walk ?”

That I am God, you all shall know—
Have power to pardon sins, below,
And have not impious, talked ;
“ Arise, take up thy bed—go home ; ”
No sooner was it said, than done—
He took it up, and walked.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER, AND A WOMAN HAVING BLOODY
FLUX, HEALED.

Jairus came, and falling down,
He earnest cried, “my daughter, home,
Lies at the point of death ;
But come, and on her lay Thy hand,—
She shall be healed at Thy command,
And live, because Thou saith.”

But as they went, and people pressed,
A certain woman, sore distressed
Twelve years, with bloody flow—
Had suffered much, and spent her all,
Nor bettered was, by doctors all,
But rather worse did grow.

She came within the press, behind,
With confidence in her own mind,
A touch would heal the plague—
She found it as she had believed,
And felt immediately relieved—
At once, the fountain stayed.

“ Who touched my clothes ? ” the Saviour cried ;
In vain, the woman strove to hide,
She came, and told her case ;

“Fear not, my daughter, go in peace,
 Your *faith* has gained you this release,”
 O, cultivate this grace.

Then, certain to the Ruler said,
 “Thy little daughter now *is dead*,
 Why longer trouble Him ?”
 “Be not afraid, but just **BELIEVE**,
 And your request you shall receive—
 Have not a doubt within.”

The minstrels wept, and wailed sore,
 He put them forth, and shut the door,
 But let the Parents view ;
 “Damsel, I say to thee, arise !”
 Her spirit came, she ope’d her eyes,
 And walked with vigor new.

TWO BLIND MEN, HEALED.

Two blind men followed, crying thus,
 “Thou Son of David, pity us,
 Have mercy, now to-day.”
 “Think ye, I’m *able* thus to do ?”
 “Yea, Lord, Thou art, and *willing* too ;
 With confidence we pray.”

“As you believe, so it shall be,
 According to your faith, now see ;”
 His fingers touched their eyes—
 Their sight was perfect ; and in haste,
 They spread His fame through all the place,
 Exciting great surprise.

A MAN HEALED AT THE POOL BETHESDA.

When to Bethesda's pool He came,
Where lay the withered, blind, and lame,
Each waiting for a cure ;
He saw one, in a helpless state,
Who thus had been, years thirty-eight,
And could no help secure.

“ Wilt thou, sir, be made whole of this ? ”
“ I've none to pity or assist,
That I the pool may find ;
But while I come, another steps
Before me, and the blessing gets,
While I am left behind.”

“ Arise and walk—take up thy bed ! ”
At once he did as Jesus said,
And from disease was free.
“ More watchful be than heretofore—
Thou now art whole—go, sin no more,
Lest worse should come on thee.”

THE WITHERED HAND RESTORED.

As in the synagogue He taught,
A poor man his attention caught—
A withered hand had he ;
The Pharisees, with evil mind,
Watched, with the Scribes, some fault to find,
But he their thoughts did see.

“ Rise up, stand forth,” the Saviour said ;
The man, at once, his word obeyed,
And stood where all could view ;

“One thing, ye Jews, to ask, I have,
Evil or good, destroy or save,
Which, on the Sabbath, do ?”

“Your sheep, upon the Sabbath day,
You lift from pits, without delay;
A man is worth much more !
Stretch out thy hand, and be it sound.”
He did so, and 'twas whole, he found,
From all he felt before.

THE MAN, BLIND AND DUMB, HEALED.
While many, for a cure did come,
They brought a man, both blind and dumb,
And sought for him relief;
He healed him, in his mercy great,
The blind and dumb both saw and spake,
For such was their belief.

THE MULTITUDE MIRACULOUSLY FED, ETC.
The people came from far and near,
Who of his wondrous works did hear—
A number very great ;
He saw, and with compassion moved,
Healed all their sick, their sorrows soothed,
And of his kingdom spake.

At evening his disciples said,
“Send them away to buy some bread,
For they have nought to eat ;
In all the towns, and country round,
Where food and lodging may be found,
Let them refreshment seek.”

“They have no need to go,” said He,
“But what they need to eat, give ye,
A free, and full supply.”
“Two hundred pennyworth of bread,
Will not suffice them, to be fed;
Shall we depart, and buy?”

“How many loaves of bread have you?”
“But five, and little fishes two.”
“Go bring them here to Me;
Arrange the people on the grass,
Fifties and hundreds in a class,
And you My power shall see!”

When preparations thus were made,
He blessed, and brake the fish, and bread,
Among them to divide:
The chosen, waited on each one,
And all partook, till they were done,
And fully satisfied.

“Now gather up the fragments clean,
That nought be lost—to waste is sin:”
Twelve baskets did they fill;
There were five thousand men, about,
Women and children, counted not,
A number greater still.

But when they all were sent away,
Up in the mount He went to pray,
No mortal with Him there:
With heaven, He had communion sweet,

In this, His favorite retreat,
So well befitting prayer.

The Twelve were now upon the Lake,
And toiling, in a wearied state,
Against the winds that blew ;
But near the morning, they espied
One walking on the water, nigh—
Not one his Master knew.

When all took fright, and cried for fear
Supposing that a ghost was near,
They heard His well known voice ;
“ Be not afraid, ‘tis I, your Lord—
Cheer up, and now believe my word .”
This made them all rejoice.

Then on the water, Peter walked,
To meet his Lord, who with him talked—
But ah ! his faith was weak ;
The winds arose, and billows dashed,
And sinking down, he quickly asked,
“ Lord, save me from the deep.”

He reached His hand, and Peter caught—
“ O thou of little faith, why doubt ?
What unbelief is this ?”
When in the ship, they humbly bowed,
And owned, “ Thou art the Son of God,”
For all the winds did cease.

When to the land they safe had come,
And it was round the country known,
There flocked the rich and poor ;

Where He, through towns or cities went,
The people all were most intent,
A blessing to secure.

They brought their sick without delay,
And laid before Him in the way,
That they His clothes might touch;
A perfect cure, they all received,
For so they heartily believed—
And there was gladness much.

THE SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN'S DAUGHTER HEALED

A Gentile woman came, and cried,
“Have mercy, Son of David's tribe,
My daughter's vexed sore.”
He answered not, nor seemed to care,
Which but increased her zeal in prayer,
To importune Him more.

“Send her away,” some did advise—
“She follows after us with cries,
Bless her, that she may leave.”
“But I am sent,” said He, “to heal,
The long lost sheep of Israel,
And them, I must relieve.”

Then nearer still, the suppliant came,
And falling down, besought again—
“Lord help me, or I die.”
“Twont do, to take the children's bread
And give to worthless dogs, instead,”
The Saviour did reply.

“ That’s truth, my Lord, but yet they eat
 The *crumbs* around the children’s feet—
 O ! give me *these*, I pray ;
 A loathsome dog, you me, may call,
 Or lower than creation all—
 But do not say me nay !”

“O ! woman, great is this thy faith,
 For this, thy daughter now is safe,
 The devil is gone out.”
 She came, and found it as He said,
 Her daughter laid upon the bed,
 And well, beyond a doubt.

THE DEAF AND DUMB MAN HEALED.

“O Lord, behold the man we’ve brought,
 He cannot hear, nor can he talk,
 O pity his sad case.”
 The Saviour, touched with tenderness,
 Aside conducts him from the press,
 To a retired place.

He put His finger in the ears,
 That stopped had been, so many years,
 And spit, and touched his tongue ;
 Then looking up to Heaven, He sighed,
 With emphasis, “ Ephphatha,” cried,
 “ Be opened, and unstrung.”

Amazing power ! O, who would think ?
 At once, he heard, and spoke distinct,
 And Jesus’ love did tell.

From many there arose a shout,
Ringing, and echoing round about,
“ He hath done all things well.”

THE FOUR THOUSAND FÉD, ETC.

As in the mountains once, He taught,
Great crowds arrived, who with them brought,
The lame, the dumb, and blind,
The maimed, the helpless, and the weak—
And cast them down at Jesus’ feet,
With sick of every kind.

O ! now is witnessed such a scene,
As ne’er before on earth has been,
And fancy fails to paint ;
Deaf ears are opened—dumb men speak,
The maimed are whole, the halting, leap,
And healed is each complaint.

He called the twelve to Him, and said,
“ This vast assembly have no bread—
On them my pity moves ;
And of the multitude, are some,
Who have from distant countries come,
To hear the joyful news.

Three days have passed, and food they’ve none,
Now should I send them fasting, home,
They’d faint along the way ;
No, we must feed them e’er they start ;
Then let them joyfully depart,
And ever bless this day.”

“ But, Master, whence shall we procure
So great provision ? For we’re poor,
And in a desert place.”
“ How many loaves of bread have you ? ”
“ Seven, and little fishes few,
But these are scarce a taste.”

He then arranged them on the ground,
In ranks, and companies around,
Convenient to be fed ;
Then took into His arms the food,
And looking up in prayerful mood,
He blessed the fish and bread.

The waiters were His chosen band,
Who took it, broken, from His hand,
And gave to every one ;
So wondrous did it multiply,
For all, there was a full supply,
And much was left, when done.

For seven baskets full, indeed,
Of fragments which they did not need,
Were gathered up with care ;
Four thousand men were satisfied—
Women and children, much beside,
The rich repast did share.

THE EYES OF A BLIND MAN OPENED.

A blind man, by his friends, was brought,
Who for him, sight from Jesus sought,
The Former of the eye :

Without the town, the man He led,
Spit on his eyes—touched them, and said,
“ Can you now aught espy ?”

Then, looking round awhile, said he,
“ The men, as walking trees, I see,
Removing there, and here ;”
Again the Saviour touched his eyes—
Again he looked—and with surprise,
Saw every man quite clear.

The reader will observe, that there are a number of very interesting miracles, which have not been poeticised; but as the work was not completed in prison, I will not now compose, and introduce them.

DEATH OF REUBEN RICE.

[BY REQUEST OF HIS SISTER.]

Dear brother, no longer thy form I behold,
Now hid from my sight in the grave, pale and cold,
There rest thou, in quiet, from earth's raging storms,
From evil secure, in its multiplied forms.

In youth, thou art called from thy friends to remove,
But 'tis to unite with the ransomed above ;
There, there we will greet thee in raptures unknown,
And join with the armies around the white throne.

Full well I remember thy prayers, and thy tears,
For poor careless sinners, who met thee with sneers ;
Thy zeal and devotion to Christ, and His cause,
From that precious moment, thou did'st it espouse.

Thy love to thy Saviour, while here thou didst dwell,
Was such, as thou could'st not find language to tell ;
But now, in seraphic and heavenly strains,
Thou sweetly can't sound it o'er all the bright plains.

Afflictions, and trials, no more shall annoy—
Thy happiness perfect, without an alloy—
Thy Saviour thou canst now behold, face to face,
And feast evermore on the joys of the place.

Sing on, my dear brother—tune loud your sweet harp,
I hope soon to meet you, and never to part—
I'll not wish you back, but will press on to you,
My Saviour, in glory, forever to view.

A F F L I C T I O N .

Composed, by request, for a friend who was bereaved of her intended life companion.

Father, I own Thy chastening hand,
Which cuts my choicest comforts down ;
They come and go, at thy command,
Nor would I mourn, though ALL were gone.

'Tis boundless LOVE inflicts the stroke,
And love will also heal the smart ;
Love will bind up what love has broke,
And pure, celestial joys impart.

Though Thou *dost* take my dearest friend,
The joy, and solace of my days ;

The one expected to attend
With me, through all life's winding ways—

Thou *more* than this wilt be to me,
A Father, friend, and brother dear;
And all my cares, I'll cast on Thee,
A kind Protector, ever near.

For me, Thou knowest what is best,
And in Thy precious word, I'm told,
That "he who trusts the Lord, is blest,
And nothing good will He withhold."

"No evil shall befall the just,"
Though *seeming* evils o'er them brood;
"To him who makes the Lord his trust,
They all shall work his real good."

These "light afflictions," short and few,
"Shall work a weight of glory vast,
While heavenly, unseen things I view,
And joys which will forever last."

"The suffering days and nights below,
Are not to be compared, with joy
And happiness, I soon shall know,
Where nothing ever can alloy."

'Tis well with saints, when joys arise,
'Tis well with them, when sorrows flow;
'Tis well, when darkness veils the skies,
And waves of trouble, o'er them go.

'Tis well with them, when on the mount,
 They feast on bleeding, dying love ;
 And 'tis as well, in God's account,
 When they the fiery furnace prove.

These trials are in mercy given,
 To wean my heart from things below—
 To cleanse from sin, and fit for heaven,
 Whence all my earthly comforts flow.

Then, Lord, take from me what Thou will,
 Give sickness, poverty, or shame ;
 I will believe thy promise still,
 And prove thee faithful to the same.

Come now, with comfort, to my soul,
 Bind up the wound, thy hand hath made ;
 Apply the balm, and make me whole,
 And grant me every needed aid.

COWPER'S BLANK, RHYMED.

My soul is sick, my heart is stung
 With every day's report of wrong,
 And outrage in our land ;
 There is no flesh in man's hard heart,
 That yields, and pities human smart—
 It does not feel for man.

The band of Brotherhood, designed
 By nature, to unite mankind,
 Is trampled in the dust ;
 By wicked, covetous desire,

'Tis severed, as the flax, by fire,
And sacrificed to lust!

He finds his fellow with a skin,
Not colored as his own has been,
But of a darker dye;
And having power t'inflict the wrong,
Dooms and devotes him as *his own*,
As his own lawful prey!

Thus man, his brother man, devotes,
Deprives of liberty and hopes,
And all in life, that's sweet;
But, as our nature's foulest stain,
Tasks him, and binds him with a chain,
His victim, safe to keep.

Exacts his daily sweat and toil,
With stripes, that stain with blood the soil,
Nor heeds his groans the least;
While Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Would weep, to see such cruel smart
Inflicted on a *beast*.

Then what is man! And who is he,
With feelings of Humanity,
Be unaffected can?
To see his brother treated thus,
That would not hang his head, and blush,
To think himself a *man*?

I would not have, to till my ground,
A slave, with cruel fetters bound,

And tremble when I wake ;
To carry me in pensive gloom,
To fan me while I sleep, at noon,
And on me always wait;

For all the wealth, of rich and learned,
That sinews, bought and sold, have earned,
Or all they yet may gain.
Far sooner be the Slave would I,
And groan in bondage till I die,
Than bind on *him* the chain.

R E J O I C I N G I N H O P E.

At one time the Warden's daughter sent me her slate, with a request that I would write for her, a composition on Hope—of which the following is a part.

The weary trav'ler, far from home,
Where beasts of prey, the forests roam ;
While towering mountains intervene,
And mighty rivers roll between—

Remembering there his children dear,
His wife, and bosom friend, so near,
Is fired to press through toil and pain,
In hope to meet them all again.

Through drenching rains, and piercing cold,
He presses on, with courage bold,
O'er mountains high, through rivers deep,
In *hope*, his family to meet.

Thus with the Christian, here below,
While trav'ling through this world of wo ;

By faith, he views his heavenly rest,
And smiling HOPE inspires his breast.

Though fiery trials on him press,
Sharp sickness, pain, or deep distress,
And waves of trouble o'er him roll,
HOPE is the anchor of his soul.

It soothes his pains, and heals his smart,
Binds up his wounded, aching heart ;
Sweetens his toils, makes burdens light,
And cheers him in the darkest night.

In *hope*, he moulders in the dust,
In *hope*, of rising with the Just,
In *hope*, to meet his Lord on high,
IN HOPE, to reign above the sky.

L I B E R T Y S O N G .

Ye friends of Liberty, *awake*,
And put your armor on ;
With dauntless zeal, your weapons take,
And bid your fears begone.

Sound Argument, and Truth, we use
For weapons, in this war :
Good Sense, and solid Reason choose,
And carnal means abhor.

Persuasion, with Entreaty kind,
And Information true ;

Faith in the Lord, and Prayer, we find,
Important weapons too.

Let childrens' tears, and fathers' sighs,
Engage you to assist ;
Let widows' groans, and orphans' cries,
Your every power enlist.

Enter the field, without delay :
Let every nerve be strung ;
The battle *now*, is in array,
The conflict is begun.

True-hearted *volunteers*, we want,
To conquer or to die ;
Whom dungeons, mobs, nor death will daunt,
And nought will cause to fly.

The contest will be warm, severe,
And many brave may fall ;
But courage take, our cause is *clear*,
Humanity's loud call.

It is the cause of Righteousness,
Of Justice, Truth, and Love :
Our King will doubtless give success,
And help us from above.

The cause is God's, and *must* prevail,
Though earth, and hell unite :
Emanuel leads—we cannot fail
To put our foes to flight.

Come, then, fear not, be strong and bold,
The victory *sure* shall be ;
And soon, through earth, it shall be told,
That *all our land is free*.

True, faithful soldiers, one and all,
A rich reward shall share ;
And those who in the combat fall,
A Martyr's crown shall wear.

Up ! Freemen, up ! and all unite
To set the Captive free :
Trusting in God, exert your might,
AND SOUND THE JUBILEE.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S PRAYER.

G E S T A T I O N .

Behold Thy handmaid, now, O Lord !
“ Be it according to Thy word,”
And teach me how to go ;
Hold Thou my hand, guide every step,
That nought I do, may ill affect,
The tender Embryo.

Keep me from hurtful food or dress,
And all that will the mind depress—
Preserve me calm, and mild ;
Thy gift, prepare me to receive,
Thy faithful promise to believe,
And train for Thee, the child.

BIRTH.

Father, this child is given by Thee,
And a free offering it shall be,
To serve Thee all its days;
No right, or title do I claim,
But consecrate it to Thy name,
To live, but for Thy praise.

Help me its precious soul to prize,
And earthly fame and wealth, despise,
Extravagance and show;
To feel that every word and step,
And every look, will much affect,
Its future joy or woe.

Lord, give me strength, from day to day,
To train it in Thy perfect way,
For endless bliss above:
O, make me patient, kind and firm,
From my example, may it learn,
Supremely Thee to love.

WASHING.

This water which I use so oft,
To make the body clean and soft,
Will only cleanse the skin;
Thy blood, alone, O Jesus dear,
Avails to make the nature clear,
And purify within.

That blood apply, to cleanse the heart,
To renovate in every part,
And wash the soul from sin;

Each sinful passion, temper ill,
Subdue, and subject to Thy will,
And now the work begin.

D R E S S I N G .

Saviour, do Thou my children dress
In the pure robes of righteousness,
With vestments clean and white ;
The filthy rags of sin remove,
With garments of salvation clothe,
That ever will shine bright.

Take from them, all the vain desire,
Of worldly show, and gay attire,
Which carnal minds delight ;
Teach them the ornament to seek,
A spirit, humble, quiet, meek,
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

F E E D I N G .

Teach them to hunger for the bread,
By which our needy souls are fed,
And thirst for waters pure ;
The manna, by King Jesus given,
“ The living bread,” that came from heaven,
And living streams secure.

Give them upon Thy truth to live,
Thy flesh and blood, by faith receive,
And find it “ meat indeed.”
O, fill their souls with heavenly love,
And send their rations from above,
As they may daily need.

S A B B A T H.

Go with them to Thy house, O Lord,
Teach them to hear, and love Thy word,
And yield themselves to Thee ;
O, seal instruction to their mind,
And on their hearts thy precepts bind,
That they may holy be.

Teach them to reverence Thy day,
Keep them from every sinful way,
Preserve them in thy fear ;
Help them with earnestness to pray,
In all they think, or do, or say,
Remember *Thou* art near.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

While they are absent from my sight,
Learning, at school, to read and write,
And other useful things,
O, guard them with a watchful eye,
From every threat'ning evil nigh,
Beneath thy shelt'ring wings.

Teach them in thee, to place their trust,
And make their pathway like the just,
That shineth more and more ;
All youthful follies to despise,
And look, by faith, beyond the skies,
To Canaan's happy shore.

GOING TO BED.

Now while they take their rest in sleep,
And silent slumbers o'er them creep,

May Angels guard their bed ;
Secure in thy paternal arms,
Safe on thy breast, from all alarms,
May they recline their head.

When in the morning they arise,
And lift to thee, their feeble cry,
O, teach them how to pray ;
Awake their souls to righteousness,
That they may after glory press,
And run the heavenly way.

I now resign them to thy care,
To take them from me young, or spare
Till three score years, and ten ;
Prepare them for thy righteous will,
And land them safe on Zion's hill,
For Jesus' sake—Amen.

“ SIGNS OF THE TIMES.”

The nations in darkness, are waking from sleep,
The light of the Gospel, beginning to seek ;
Their blindness and vain superstitions give way,
And for the “ glad tidings,” they're waiting, to-day.

The poor, wand'ring “ red men,” in sadness, who roam
Through vast dismal forests, so near to our home,
Are waiting, from us to receive the glad word,
Free grace, and salvation, through Jesus our Lord.

From Isles of the Ocean, they send up their cry,
The breezes that fan us, are wafting it nigh ;

The Sandwich and Friendly, have heard the glad sound,
And thousands, their idols have cast to the ground.

Still thousands are anxious, and call for the light,
That safely will lead them from error's dark night;
In crowds, vast and eager, they follow the man,
Who comes there to publish redemption's blest plan.

New Zealand, the Fugees, Society's group,
Madagascar, Borneo, and others about—
From South Seas, and Northern, the West, and the East,
They wait for a call to the rich Gospel feast.

The Hindoo renounces his long cherished *caste*,
Old Budh is deserted, and fallen at last ;
Their minds are now open, the *Truth* to receive,
And with them, the Burmans, in crowds, will believe.

The vast field of China, from Pekin to Kong,
Which could not, by Christians, be entered so long,
Is now *fully open*, for all who will go,
Mount Calvary's scenes to its millions to show.

Its hundreds of millions will now hear the word,
That makes their dumb idols, by all, lie abhor'd ;
They're groping in darkness, for some one to lead,
And make them acquainted with what they most need.

From wide-spread Siberia, they urgently cry,
And beg for assistance, before they shall die ;
A few, the glad news of a Savior have heard,
Whose souls, for their kindred and friends, are now
stirred.

In Syria and Persia, ten thousands will read,
For Bibles and books of the Christians they plead ;
They hear with attention, and drink in the truth,
As though sent from Heaven, with undoubted proof.

The long-scattered Jews are returning again,
And bowing to Jesus, their crucified King ;
His word they receive as a message from God,
And trust in His precious, though once despised, blood.

"The *vail*" is removing, the "blindness" departs,
The Spirit of God is now melting their hearts ;
The days of their exile will soon all be fled,
And then the day joyful—"As *life from the dead*."

But poor, bleeding *Africa* ! so long spoiled and robbed !
Whose hearts with keen anguish and sorrow have throbbed—

Does no star of gladness on *them* yet arise,
To cheer up their souls, and to banish their sighs ?

Yes ! glory to Jesus!—"the fields are all white"—
Their summer has come, and the "harvest is ripe;"
The laborer here shall receive a *rich crop*,
From vallies and plains, and the high mountain top.

They lift up their voices, and stretch forth the hand
To *you*, and to *me*, and to **ALL** in this land :
With earnest entreaties, beseech us to haste,
And bring them the news of free gospel grace.

From Capetown, and Palmas—Dahomey, Mt. Moon,
The Senegal, Gambia, and noble Gaboon ;

92 POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

From places too numerous to mention, they cry—
“Come over and help us, before we all die.”

The *World* is in motion, awaking from sleep,
But Satan is striving all *quiet* to keep ;
He sends forth his legions to lead those *astray*,
Who’re anxiously seeking to know the right *way*.

What meaneth, O ! Christian, these “signs of the times ?”

This anxious enquiring ‘mid all tongues and climes ?
What say they to *you*, as a servant of God ?
“Arise, and proclaim *My salvation abroad*.”

The “fullness” and “ripeness” of nations has come,
And whate’er we do, must be *speedily* done :
To TRUTH they’ll now listen, receive and obey—
But soon will grasp *error*, if yet we delay.

O ! come, then, all lovers of God, and of man,
Assist in proclaiming the blood-purchased plan ;
Thrice blessed are they who this work *freely choose*,
But *cursed*, like Meroz, are all who *refuse*.

R E D E M P T I O N F R O M S I N .

Come, all-victorious Lamb,
Thou whose alone I am,
 Come, rule my heart :
Enter with all Thy train—
Let every foe be slain,
Without a rival reign
 In every part.

Subdue each vain desire,
And kindle now the fire
 Of heavenly love :
From sin, O, set me free,
That I may holy be,
And worship only Thee,
 Here and above.

Wash me from all my guilt
In Thy dear blood they spilt
 On Calvary ;
My nature renovate,
Wholly anew create,
And make me, for Thy sake,
 What I should be.

Thou all-sufficient art,
Then Thy rich grace impart,
 As I have need :
In strong temptation's hour,
When Satan would devour,
O ! guard me from his power,
 And safely lead.

While from Thy house I'm barr'd,
And trials press me hard,
 Be Thou my stay ;
And be, as saith Thy word,
My "Shield and great reward,"
My "Light and Joy," O, Lord,
 Through all the way.

Help me to watch and pray,
To serve Thee night and day,
And never cease.
When all my toils are o'er,
Receive me to that shore,
Where troubles come no more,
And all is peace.

DEATH IN A PENITENTIARY.

Stretched on his couch the wretched pris'ner lies,
His burdened bosom heaves with mournful sighs—
His wasted skeleton and pallid cheek,
And sunken eye, that death is near, bespeak.
He feels it—and the “King of Terrors” dreads,
As nearer, and with quickening pace he treads:
In vain, on flattering hopes of life he hangs,
Disease has struck its deep envenomed fangs.
A thousand troubling thoughts now fill his mind,
A life of crime, and sins of every kind;
His guilt and condemnation, too, appears,
And fills his soul with dark, foreboding fears.
In vain we point him to the Lamb of God,
And speak of pardon through His precious blood—
Urge him, in vain, to yield, repent, believe,
And free salvation from the Lord receive.
His wife, far off, he wants to see once more,
Before departing from this earthly shore:
Thinks more of kindred, friends, and things below,
Than whither shall his naked spirit go—
And thinks, to die in such a wretched place,

Will be a stigma, nothing can erase ;
O'er this he mourns—on this his mind doth dwell,
While thus he hangs 'twixt heaven, earth, and hell.
Poor man ! deluded thus, and captive led
By Satan—now he's numbered with the dead.
While he *delayed*, the dreaded monster came,
And drew the deadly bow—nor missed his aim—
He *fell*—But ah ! he fell, no more to rise,
Till the Arch-angel's trumpet shakes the skies :
Not then, we fear, to dwell with saints in light—
But hear his doom, and sink to endless night.
How dread ! that from this prison-house of wo,
A man should to *eternal* dungeons go !
O might they now the friendly warning take,
And to their Refuge, Christ, for life, escape.
Alas ! how few the admonition heed,
And feel that *they* a preparation need !
Careless they laugh and sport around the dead,
And on the verge of foaming billows tread !
The stiffened corpse is put beneath the earth—
Then, as before, they join in foolish mirth,
Till God, in righteous judgment, from on high,
Shall summons send, and call on *them* to die !!

T H E P R I S O N E R ' S P R A Y E R .

O ! gracious Redeemer, now seated on high,
And circled with glory around—
Behold a poor worm, with a pitying eye,
And let Thy rich mercy abound.

Though Angels and Seraphs encircle Thy throne,
And cast their bright crowns at Thy feet ;
Yet wilt Thou regard a poor prisoner's groan,
Who ventures Thy favor to seek.

On earth Thou wast hated, derided, and slain,
“And tempted in all points as we :”
That Thou, in our trials, temptations and pain,
“A *merciful*” Savior might be.

To Thee, then, I come, to unbosom my heart;
And cast upon Thee all my care ;
Assured Thou wilt not bid me empty depart,
Nor turn a deaf ear to my prayer.

My enemies, Lord, as the hairs of my head,
So many, on all sides, arise ;
My life, in the dust, they are anxious to tread,
While *Justice* and *Truth* they despise.

False witnesses join, in their malice and spite,
With those who breathe cruelty out ;
But Rulers, and People, and Preachers unite,
To compass my footsteps about.

To Thee, for protection and safety, I flee,
And trust in Thy word, as I'm taught ,
Thy speedy salvation, O, Lord, let me see,
And bring their devices to nought.

They wrest all my words, and their meaning pervert,
And mischiefs against me devise ;
My pious intentions and efforts subvert,
And multiply infamous lies.

O ! be Thou my Refuge, my Shield from all harm,
In Thee all my trust I repose ;
Stretch out for my help Thine omnipotent arm,
I'll smile at the tempest that blows.

From those who surround me—but more from my heart,
Temptations, like billows, do roll :
O ! when I'm enticed from uprightness to part,
Preserve, blessed Jesus, my soul.

And suffer me not to be “tempted and tried,
Above what I'm able to bear ;”
“A way of escape,” in temptation, provide,
And grant me the weapon, “ALL PRAYER.”

Give me, in my sufferings, with patience to wait,
And meet, with submission, Thy will ;
To “know,” in afflictions and bonds, for Thy sake,
That “Thou art my God”—and “be still.”

A faith in Thy wisdom, Thy power and love,
Which nothing can shake, now bestow ;
That all my allotments descend from above,
And all work for good, here below.

O ! make me a blessing wherever I'm cast,
“Work in me to will and to do ;”
Then bring me, when toilings and conflicts are past,
My God and my Savior to view.

Unworthy of favor, or notice, am I,
No merit or goodness I claim ;

My hope is in this—that the *Saviour did die*—
These blessings I ask in His name.

EMANCIPATION IN THE W. I., AUG. 1, 1838.

Hail ! day to be remembered long,
By all who love the human race ;
At thy return, in *Freedom's song*,
We join to sing, with smiling face.

At thy approach, in 'thirty-eight,
What big emotions swelled the heart
Of thousands, in a wretched state,
Which thy glad beams would from them part !

Their chains fell quick—their fetters broke,
The rising sun proclaimed them *free*—
Eight hundred thousand then awoke,
To taste the sweets of *Liberty* !

The Driver's horn refused to sound,
His cracking whip was heard no more ;
But ringing bells, and shouts around,
Echoed their joy from shore to shore.

From chattelship to *manhood changed*,
Like creatures *new*, they felt, and spake ;
The joyful crowds in order ranged,
Praised God for such a blessing great.

The wife and husband haste to meet—
Long severed by the *Tyrant's power* ;

Children, their long-lost parents greet,—
And O ! the raptures of that hour !

The father doth each one embrace,
And then recounts their sorrows past ;
While down the care-worn matron's face,
Bright tears of joy are trickling fast.

Together then, they join in praise,
For all the *wonders* God has done :
Wisdom implore, to guide their ways,
In all the changes yet to come.

They bury all the whips and chains,
And labor *cheerfully* for pay :
Forget their sorrows, stripes and pains,
In *happiness* from day to day.

Their hearts enlarge—their minds improve,
Since freed from Slavery's *withering curse* :
Increase in knowledge, faith and love,
And blessings all around disperse.

O ! when shall our land thus be free,
From all the curse of *Slavery* ?
And prove, by blest *experience*, too,
What **FREEDOM** for mankind will do ?

MISSOURI PENITENTIARY, Aug. 1, 1844.

BIRTH-DAY REFLECTION—No. 8.

Twelve months have rolled, once more, their rapid round,
And I, a pris'ner in the flesh remain ;

While others now lie mouldering in the ground,
I live to hail my *natal day* again.

But what is life ! or who would wish to live,
And linger out his ten and three-score years,
For all the joys and sweets that earth can give,
Commingled with so many bitter tears ?

'Tis true, that *pleasures* mingle with the pain,
Of which no pen can paint reality ;
But—spring they from relations we sustain,
To *endless life*—to *Immortality*.

The thoughts of *Rest*—of *everlasting peace*,
When freed from this terrestrial abode,
Support the soul to wait for her release
With patience—while she sings along the road.

But *not* alone from mundane, thorny ground,
Where thistles, weeds, and briars only grow—
Can *one* faint ray of happiness be found,
To cheer the trav'ler through this world of wo.

'Tis thus—though prison walls my steps enclose,
And iron doors, with bars and locks confine—
Though wicked men, with rage, my way oppose,
And earth and hell against my soul combine—

Though long debar'd, in God's own house, a seat—
The rich delight of mingling with the saints,
Where all the holy, faithful, happy, meet,
To join in prayer and praise without restraints—

Though pressed with heavy labors all the day,
From morn till night, for weeks, and months and years

And oft disturbed when on my knees to pray,
Amid confusion, noise, and impious jeers—

Tis thus my mind is quiet kept—with peace
And joy unspeakable my soul is blest—
“Soon will these troublings of the wicked cease,
And soon the weary find ETERNAL REST.”

Then what are all my toils and sufferings here,
Compared with *glory* soon to be possessed ?
For me, my Saviour shortly will appear,
And take me home to dwell among the blest.

The quick succession of my passing years,
That like “*swift ships*,” are wafting me along—
Yea, every day and night that disappears,
Proclaim—I soon shall with the dead belong.

Shall *earthly* pleasures, then, engage my mind ?
Or wealth ? or praise of men ? or sensual ease ?
Let *worldlings* seek in these their bliss to find,
But I will strive, my God to love, and please.

Much of my precious time, to waste has run,—
Too sluggish been my soul—my thoughts too vain—
O ! Lord, forgive—grant strength for days to come,
Nor let me from Thy presence rove again.

His loving kindness let me now record,
And note the wonders He hath for us wrought :
“My soul doth bless and magnify the Lord,”
Who safely has through all our trials brought.

To us a precious privilege was given—

A blessing great indeed—a lamp—a LIGHT,
By which we sung and read, and wrote at even,
When safely locked within our cell at night.

When long secluded from all earthly friends,
With whom we oft had to the Temple walked,
(Though God, by *His own presence*, made amends,)
Sweet counsel took, and of our Saviour talked—

In His own time, (which always is the best,)
He sent those to us whom we lov'd most dear;
And (diverse from all favors to the rest)
We converse had without restraint or fear!

O! seasons, long to be remembered, they—
We sang God's praise—together joined in prayer—
Met and commingled hearts, from day to day,
And on the Sabbath had a feast *more rare*.

The hand of God, so plain, we could but own,
That caused e'en wicked men to treat us so—
Besought, when bow'd together 'fore His throne,
That He would, with them, on their journey go.

How many precious letters, too, we've had,
From those we could not see, or hear their voices;
Which strengthen'd, cheered our hearts, and made them
glad,
Sweetened our toils, and made our souls rejoice!

And oh! what seasons in our "*hallowed cell!*"
Where sinners wept—for mercy loudly cried—

Where *converts* met, of Jesus' love to tell!
Though many, ah! alas! have turned aside.

O! glorious days—But they are now *no more*—
A “king who knew not Joseph,” soon arose:
With him, dark clouds spread our horizon o'er,
He stopped our class, and did all good oppose.

What *havoc* then among the lambs was made—
Exposed to wolves, and not allowed to meet!
Discouraged, tempted, weak, ah! many strayed,
Which made our souls in secret places weep.

Yet God is *wise*, who doth such things allow,
And what is *best*, He better knows than we;
Low at his feet we then will humbly bow,
And wait, till His salvation we shall see.

Still, blessings great, of which we were in need—
Rich funds of gospel knowledge—books and tracts—
We *have* received, on which our souls may feed,
And gain new strength for future fresh attacks.

The word of God is *sure*, and cannot fail—
Though *seeming* evils o'er us long may brood—
Though men and devils join our peace t' assail,
He will withhold from Saints *no real good*.

Come, then, my soul, in Him place all your *trust*—
Learn wisdom, patience, faith, from all that's past:
And when this flesh lies slumbering in the dust,
You'll shout, on high, “*all, ALL IS WELL,*” at last.

BENEFITS OF AFFLICITION.

"IT IS GOOD FOR ME THAT I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED."

'T is good for me that I have felt
Thy chastening hand, O ! God :
Thy strokes of *love* my heart do melt,
And I will kiss the rod.

'T is good for me—that I may learn
The secrets of my heart ;
And every traitor there discern,
That would from Thee depart.

'T is good—to mortify the flesh,
And all its lusts subdue ;
That every power which I possess
May yield allegiance true.

'T is good for me—that I may see
How weak I am, and frail ;
How soon, unless upheld by Thee,
This tenement would fail.

'T is good—that I may learn how vain
Is all that Earth can boast—
Its wealth, and beauty, pleasure, fame—
Mere childish toys, at most.

'T is good—that I may learn to place
My whole desire above—
May seek the smiles of Jesus' face,
And visits of His love.

'T is good—that I may pity those
In suffering and distress :
Know how to soothe their heavy woes,
And calm the troubled breast.

'T is good—to teach me how to pray—
To feel the *worth* of prayer :
To cleave to God from day to day,
And on Him cast my care.

'T is good—that I may learn Thy word—
Its hidden riches find ;
The peace and comfort they afford,
To satisfy the mind.

* 'T is good for me—that I may prove
Thy every Promise *sure* ;
How full ! how free ! what power to soothe !
Upon them, how secure !

'T is good---as silver to refine,
And purge away my dross ;
To make His image in me shine,
Who hung upon the cross.

'T is good—to conquer my self-will,
Which would *resist* the rod ;
That I, submissive, may "be still,
And know that Thou art God."

'T is good--that I may *trust* and *prove*—
When storms of sorrow lower—
Thy wisdom, goodness, and Thy love,
Thy faithfulness and power.

'T is good for me—and this I know,
That He who gives me food,
Will cause, to me, while here below,
"All things to work for GOOD."

'T is good—that I may think of death,
And be prepared to die:
May dwell, when called to yield my breath,
With Thee, above the sky.

'T is good—I praise Thee, and adore
The way I have been led;
And with delight I'll trace it o'er,
When I fair Canaan tread.

O ! Lord, *'t is GOOD*—and now let come
Whate'er Thou seest best:
I will pronounce it all *well done*,
And in *Thy* pleasure rest.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

(BY REQUEST OF THE MOTHER.)

The darling of my breast,
Is quietly at rest,
Beneath the clod:
That form, so dear to me,
Which I no longer see,
It was a gift most *free*,
Bestowed by God.

When him I did receive,
I hop'd he long would live,
 My earthly prop—
My comfort and my stay,
Through all life's dreary way,
Till call'd from earth away,
 My flesh should drop.

But such was not designed
By the Eternal Mind—
 My son is gone!
I own the just decree,
'Tis right, it thus should be,
O Lord, I yield to Thee,
 “Thy will be done.”

“He gave and took away,”
And cheerfully I'll say,
 “Blest be His name.”
Though earthly comforts die,
The Lord, who rules on high,
My Helper ever nigh,
 Remains the same.

How sweet to feel, while here,
My Saviour ever near,
 To cheer my heart!
He more than makes amends,
For loss of children, friends,
And heavenly med'cine sends
 To heal the smart.

My child shall ne'er return,
But like a Seraph, burn
Before the throne;
To him I soon shall go,
And leave this world of wo,
Eternal joys to know,
With Christ at home.

Though here, he scarce could speak,
Yet now he can repeat
The song above;
He shines in bright attire,
And strikes the golden lyre,
Each note ascending higher,
To Jesus' love.

Sing on, through endless days,
Sing loud your Saviour's praise,
Who brought you there;
Your mother will not weep,
For soon she hopes to meet
In some divine retreat.
Your bliss to share.

THE SUFFERING CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGED.

From Earth, and all its cares,
Its vanities and snares,
Its toils, and sorrows, pains and woes:
We soon shall find release,
In everlasting peace,
Where joy unmixed, forever flows.

There Jesus dwells in light,
And majesty so bright,
As ne'er beheld by mortal eye ;
His glory fills the place,
And beams of heavenly grace,
Illume the shining courts on high.

Exalted on His throne,
His smile is bliss unknown,
And fills all heaven with sounding praise ;
Th' adoring armies fall,
And with delight extol
His matchless love, through endless days.

The saints arrayed in white,
With Angels, there unite,
To sound and sweep the golden lyre ;
With ecstacies they trace
The conflicts they have past,
And tune their hearts and voices higher.

What then are *sufferings* here ?
That glorious day is near,
When we shall leave them all behind ;
No Prisons there—nor aught
To cause one anxious thought,
Or discompose our peaceful mind.

What'er our trials are,
Let us, by faith and prayer,
Superior to them all arise ;
Anchor within the veil.

And soon, with full-spread sail,
We'll reach our haven in the skies.

OCT. 25, 1844.

ON THE RELEASE OF A PRISONER,
AND GIVEN TO ONE WHO WAS PARDONED.

Go, fellow Pris'ner, here so long confined
By iron doors, and locks, and gloomy walls ;
Leave all thy tears and sufferings here behind,
And answer to thy little children's calls.

Go, find your darlings—wipe away their tears,
Cheer up their hearts—their sorrows drive away ;
Bid them to banish all their former fears,
And now rejoice to see the wished-for day.

Go, find that weeping, broken-hearted wife,
Whom you have caused to mourn, by evil ways ;
Go, sweeten now, her long imbibited life,
And in God's fear together spend your days.

Go to your friends, whom you have made to weep,
And who have followed you with many prayers ;
Go, wipe the tear from off that furrowed cheek,
And lighten life's oppressive, anxious cares.

Go, tell them all, that you have seen and felt
The evil of your former wicked ways ;
That Jesus' love your hardened heart did melt,
And filled your mouth with songs of grateful praise.

Go, show the *world*, by holy, upright acts,
And godly conversation joined with all,
That you, henceforth, will mark your Saviour's tracks,
And do, in *earnest*, on His name now call.

Go, fellow-pris'ner—go, be useful—go,
And be to man a blessing, where you dwell;
The *end* of sinful ways to sinners show,
Which lead to Prisons, Gallows, and to Hell.

Go, serve Manasseh's God, and yours, till death,
Nor e'er forget your lonely prison cell;
Remember those in bonds with prayerful breath,
And meet me, finally, in heaven—farewell.

OCT. 25, 1844.

INVITATION AND WARNING.

Attend, mourning captive, convicted, condemned—
“Glad tidings,” I bring you, to day, from a friend;
A *Pardon*, for all, I’m commissioned to bring,
Who now will repent, and submit to their King.

You all have *rebelled*, and deserve not to live,
Yet still He is gracious, and waits to forgive;
He asks not your death, nor large money demands,
But *willing obedience* to all His commands.

If now you’ll confess and forsake every *sin*,
With hearty allegiance return unto Him,
He’ll grant a *full pardon* for all that is past,
Yea, comfort, defend, and receive you, at last.

But if with these terms you refuse to comply,
 The sentence is past, and you surely must die ;
 There's nothing can save you, but this I proclaim,
"Repentance toward God, and true faith in his name.

Oh ! why will You slight this free offer of life ?
 And madly continue your unequal strife
 With Him who can stop, in a moment, your breath,
 And plunge you, forever, in darkness and death ?

Oh, stop ! and consider, before it's too late,
 Yield now to the offer, while mercy doth wait ;
 O ! come, dying mortals, why make this delay ?
 Come, cease your rebellion, submit to His sway.

Come, ye who accept it, and give me your hand,
 In pledge that you'll serve in Emanuel's band ;
 "Be faithful till death, and a crown He'll bestow,"
 Outshining in splendor, all things here below.

To all who *reject* it, one word we would say,
 "Remember—remember, we've warned you to day ;
 And now must we leave you bound madly for hell ?
 Then, judgment-bound trav'lers, we bid you *farewell.*

GOD'S PROMISE OF GOOD.

"I will surely do thee *good,*"
 Is the word of Promise, sure,
 Which through ages, firm has stood,
 And forever shall endure.

Christ Himself, the word has given
To His suffering members here,
When from place to place they're driven,
This shall animate and cheer.

Severed from companions dear,
Friends or kindred torn away—
Christians, dry the falling tear,
God himself will be your stay.

On a bed of sickness laid,
This shall soothe, and heal the smart,
So illumine *death's* dark shade,
You will cheerfully depart.

Though in Prisons dark, immured,
With sore trials greatly pressed ;
Of this Promise be assured,
And in quiet on it rest.

Foes may frown, and friends forsake,
Waves of sorrow o'er you roll—
This supports in every state,
And revives the drooping soul.

Though to us, short-sighted, frail,
All may *seem* to work for ill ;
This sweet Promise *cannot fail*,
All shall work our *best good* still.

Courage, then, ye chastened saints,
Let no sorrow fill your mind ;
Cease your murmuring and complaints,
Though He *wounds*, He yet is *kind*.

Plead His Promise, faithful, true—
Wait, submissive to His will;
Soon, He will appear to you,
And will every word fulfil.

Then rejoice, in all His ways,
Living in a cheerful mood;
And you'll own, e'er many days,
He did “**SURELY DO YOU GOOD.**”

DEPARTURE OF ALANSON WORK, FROM PRISON.—JAN. 20, 1845.

Our dear loving brother, our “Faithful” has gone,
Our prison companion, six months, and three years;
His labors, and sufferings, his work here is done,
We meet, perhaps, never, in this vale of tears.

What precious communion, and fellowship sweet,
We long have enjoyed in our hallowed cell!
While bowing in prayer, at Emanuel’s feet,
And striving, in concert, His praises to swell.

His trials, and sorrows, were as truly ours—
With him we rejoiced, and together did mourn;
One object, *one* interest, engaged all our powers,
To stand by the *Truth* until death, we were sworn.

His place here is vacant, but ‘tis to supply
That long-empty seat, by his own fire-side;
The sorrowing tear-drops to wipe from each eye,
And for his dear flock needed comforts provide.

No more, at our altar, with us doth he bow—
No longer is heard, in our praises, his voice;
He in the blest courts of the Lord, worships now,
And there, with the Righteous, doth sing and rejoice.

O ! happy Alanson ! released from his chains,
And compassed by spirits akin to his own;
His tongue will break forth in unknown, joyful strains,
And tell with exulting, what Jesus has done.

The songsters of nature, his bosom will cheer,
And Earth's blooming prospects, enrapture his sight,
The sound of the "church-going bell," he can hear,
And view happy throngs, with enlivening delight.

Go, go, happy brother, to *freedom* again—
The great boon of heaven, improve and enjoy;
A little while longer, your partners remain,
To labor and suffer—and "*count it all joy.*"

Farewell, now, dear brother—farewell, a few days,
Though parted in body, we're still joined as one;
For all these afflictions, our Father we'll praise,
Forever adoring around the White Throne.

"G O, C H I L D."

(WRITTEN FOR MY MOTHER.)

Yes, go my dear child, for the Lord calls for you,
Go forth, and perform what He tells you to do;
I give you up gladly, to labor for Him,
In turning this world from rebellion and sin.

I long fondly hoped it might so ordered be,
That in my old age you might live near to me,
To be my support, and comfort, and prop,
While in this dark valley of tears I shall stop.

But Jesus will comfort and be my sure stay,
He'll grant me assistance and strength as my day ;
So, for the poor *Heathen*, I bid you farewell,
Go, hasten the news of a Saviour to tell.

Why should I be selfish, and keep you at home,
While hundreds of millions in darkness now moan ?
Their souls are as precious as our's—You may go,
Go, child to their rescue, and save them from wo.

Though never again I may see your face here,
The thought that you're useful, my bosom shall cheer :
I will not repine, but *rejoice*, I've a child,
Who's willing to labor for Savages wild.

Go then, my dear children—fear toil, pain, nor *shame* ;
Go, publish salvation in Jesus' name :
Nor shrink e'en from *death*, for the sake of your *Lord*,
Your crown will be brighter, and great your reward.

Though I can't go with you, so gray are my hairs,
Be sure I shall follow with multiplied prayers :
Each morning and evening such blessings implore,
As you will most need on that far distant shore.

I'll meet you in heaven, loaded with sheaves,
I'll hail your approach from beyond the wide seas :
There, there with the souls you have saved, we will sing,
And praise evermore our Emmanuel, King.

Be humble—be holy—be patient—be meek—
And wisdom from heaven continually seek :
Be active—be zealous—improve your time well,
And show to the Heathen, *the Christian*—farewell.

MARCH, 1845.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Around the table of our Lord,
Who pleads for us above :
Again we meet with one accord,
To celebrate His love.

Come, dear beloved, venture near,
With thankful hearts partake :
Our gracious Master ever near,
For our requests doth wait.

Let us adore the matchless grace,
That brought Him from on high,
To suffer for our guilty Race---
For *you and me*, to die.

Let gratitude our zeal inflame
To love and serve Him more---
And spread the wonders of His name,
To every distant shore.

Come now, my soul, thy Ransom view,
Who frees from sin and hell:
He bore the vengeance due to *you*,
O ! then His praises swell.

Thou Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I own Thy claims on me:
Thou art my soul's redemption price
And I will live for thee.

Now write Thy truth within my heart---
Thy Spirit richly grant:
And oh! Thyself to me impart,
For after Thee I pant.

BIRTH DAY REFLECTION---No. 4.
AUGUST 12, 1845.

As sands, unceasing, from the glass,
In quick succession rapid pass,
So fly my days of exile here:
And oh! the happy day is near,
When God will dry up every tear,
And call me home.

Another year of this short life
Has passed, 'mid suff'ring, toil and strife:
And while I view the past, to-day,
With gratitude and love, I say,
The Lord has been my Strength and Stay
At every step.

While fears and dangers thickly met,
To tempt my soul to pine and fret:
His charming voice has said, "Fear not,
Though trying is your present lot,
You shall not, by Me, be forgot,
I'll be your help."

While fierce diseases flocked around,
And many laid beneath the ground,
My feeble frame severely shook :
I cried, " O! Lord, in mercy look " ---
My case He freely undertook,
And raised me up.

Long stretched upon my prison bed,
The glorious *Promises* I read---
Each one, with heavenly blessings fraught,
Rich comfort to my spirit brought :
And by them, sweet *submission* taught,
My soul rejoiced.

Sore trials have beset my path,
While *lions* roared around in wrath:
But Daniel's God, of ancient age,
Was present to restrain their rage,
And for my safety to engage
His power divine.

Dark, threat'ning clouds have intervened,
Which, fraught with evil only, seemed :
But everlasting arms were spread,
To shield my poor defenceless head,
While *Grace* preserved my soul from *dread*,
Staid on the Lord.

No earthly friends have ventured near,
To visit a poor Prisoner :*
Their arm was short--though great their care,
Who gladly would my burdens share---

* That is, during the previous year.

But *God* has heard a pris'ner's prayer
In times of need.

In each distress, in every strait,
His loving kindness has been great :
While millions of the wretched poor,
Have more than I been called t' endure,
My "bread and water" has been sure,
And every good.

And since, through all my conflicts past,
His potent arm has held me fast,
I will upon His care depend--
Believe He'll help me to the end,
And every needed comfort send,
While here I stay.

A few more days--my work is done--
The battle fought--the victory won--
And then, on Canaan's happy shore,
Where chains and Prisons are no more,
With saints and Angels, I'll adore
My God and King.

O ! hasten on the glorious time,
When I shall in His image shine...
Seraphic love my soul inflame,
While alleluias to His name,
Re-echo o'er the heavenly plain,
Glory to God!

THE GOSPEL VESSEL.

On the rough, stormy, tempestuous Ocean,
The ocean of *Time*, is my vessel now cast ;
The winds and the billows, in dreadful commotion,
While fiercely contending, quite o'er my sides dash.
Yet still I'm secure, in the "old Ship of Zion,"
Which bravely outrides all the tempests that rise :
Her sign, in bold front, is old Judah's tried "*Lion*,"
That all opposition and danger defies.

We have a good *Captain*—EMANUEL, JESUS,
Who safely has landed His millions at home ;
From all threat'ning evils He cheerfully frees us,
And never has lost, of His passengers, one.
But, oh ! how we feast on *provision* celestial,
The fruits of the country to which we are bound :
No such royal dainties in regions terrestrial,
By any poor mortal was ever yet found.

Our *Pilot* is skilful—the blest SPIRIT HOLY—
The rocks, shoals, and quicksands He perfectly knows ;
To guide us through safely, we trust in Him solely,
Confide in His wisdom, though surge overflows.
Our *Compass*, the BIBLE, is true and unfailing,
And constantly points to the haven of Love :
It is our *Chart*, also, minutely detailing
Our course to the bright, happy country above.

Our sure, steadfast *Anchor*, THE HOPE OF SALVATION,
 Takes hold on the bottom of *Promise* secure ;
 Mid whirlwinds, tornadoes, and floods of temptation,
 It holds the Ship firmly—and safety is sure.
 By close SELF-INSPECTION, the old line of *Sounding*,
 We clearly discover the truth of our state :
 Discern thus the rocks, and the danger of grounding,
 And for preservation all hands are awake.

For *Ballast*, to hold us in upright position,
 Amid the waves dashing, and hurricane gales,
 We carry *sore Trials*, and *heavy Affliction*,
 Which steady the vessel, and safely she sails.
 A good Christian DIARY—where, progress and courses,
 Events of importance we faithfully place—
 Is used as our *Log-book*, for future resources,
 That all who desire, our hist'ry may trace.

Our *Sailors* are numerous—the *pure gospel Preachers*,
 Who watch for our safety, and toil day and night;
 And in *Navigation*, a number are *TEACHERS*,
 Who train up young Sailors to work with delight.
 The *SOUL*, with rich diamonds and spices, our *Cargo*,
 Surpassing in value what worldlings can bring;
 And on these, our treasures, we fear no embargo,
 For all are insured by our heavenly King.

To catch the fair breezes, our *Sails* wide extended,
 Are beauteous for Angels or men to behold :
 Firm *TRUST* is our *Main-sail*, and with it are blended,
 REPENTANCE and COURAGE—unflinching and bold—
 Sweet TEMPERANCE, and KNOWLEDGE, LONG-SUFFER-
 ING, and MEEKNESS,

FORGIVENESS, and JOY, BROTHER-KINDNESS, death-strong,
 FORBEARANCE, and PATIENCE, and heavenly SWEETNESS,
 While CHARITY, lovely, to all these belong.

Infesting our Ocean, are bold *Pirates*, many,
 Relentlessly cruel, and valiant in fight;
 They know neither mercy nor pity for any,
 And millions have fallen before their great might.
 Though oft met in conflict—on all sides surrounded
 By fleets of these Aliens so hard to be driven,
 Our two-edged sword left them scattered and wounded,
 And to our brave Captain all glory be given.

Our Sails set for heaven, and winds gently blowing,
 We soon shall arrive in the harbor, all safe:
 Yes, g'ory ! full swiftly *already* we're going—
 It's now in full view by our *Telescope*, FAITH.
 We see the bright Angels preparing to meet us,
 And Mansions, and Glory, our tongues cannot tell;
 Hosanna ! Amen ! Alleluia ! *They greet us*,
 And shout us all WELCOME !! Farewell, Earth, Farewell!
 PENITENTIARY, Sept. 10, 1845.

A PETITION TO GOV. J. C. EDWARDS.
 To thee, O, Ruler of this Sovereign State,
 A suffering Pris'ner his request would make;
 Be pleased to lend a condescending ear,
 And in compassion his petition hear.

Should not the High Authorities take heed,
And rid the injured person from their hands—
Then furnish Laws which public good demands ?

However, this I to your judgment leave,
As you may different from myself believe.

A Felon grant I am—what then 's the case ?
Can smiling mercy, *therefore*, have no place ?
And must a *Felon*, e'en, who truly weeps,
And pardon from his God, contritely seeks—
Amendment promises to all mankind—
Must he no mercy from his fellow find ?

Wherein I 've injured God or man, I mourn,
And from all sinful ways do truly turn ;
And if a promise more, from me, you claim,
I say, I never will do thus again.‡

And now, in view of what has just been said,
. I will, before you, my *petition* spread ;
And mercy, *mercy*, MERCY, is my plea—
That you grant will a captive, liberty,—
Will, in your gracious clemency, extend
A helping hand, and rich deliverance send—
For a poor worm your sovereign power employ,
And cause ten thousand hearts to leap for joy.

'T is not alone for *self* I plead—no—no—
For I myself could cheerful undergo
The sufferings, trials, toils—and yield my breath
With sweet composure; in the arms of Death,
Which soon must overtake me, if I here
Much longer stay. But t'is to dry the tear
Of weeping *friends*—a numerous list : and more—

‡ Go into a Slave State for Slaves.

That I may hasten to some distant shore,
Where sound of *Jesus* never yet was heard—
Where Satan, in his kingdom undisturbed,
Sways human mind. There—*there* to them unfold
The sacred Gospel's plan ; and from his hold,
The arch-Deceiver drive with truth divine—
That light of Revelation there may shine,
Dispelling thence the cheerless, midnight shades,
And guide to realms where darkness ne'er invades—
Where joys celestial fill th' expanded soul,
And beams of glory radiate the whole.

And now, it lies alone with *you* to say
If I may go—or longer here must stay,
While millions sink to flames of endless wo,
Because I could not to them *sooner* go.

O ! may I go ? Can't you my *Pardon* grant ?
Ten thousand thousand will your kindness thank.
Others have been released—O ! why not I ?
Or must I here remain, and droop and die ?
I plead for mercy—for my *Parents'* sake :
I plead for mercy—for my *Consort's* sake :
I plead for mercy—for the *Heathen's* sake :
I plead for mercy—for *Missouri's* sake :
I plead for mercy—for our *Nation's* sake :
I plead for mercy—for my *SAVIOUR's* sake.

A brother, and companion on my charge,
Has been restored to liberty, at large ;
For which, a thousand thanks to heaven ascend,
And shall, in blessings, on your head descend.
And thousands more, with prayers for *you* shall rise,
As sweet and grateful incense to the skies,

If a poor Captive's prayer shall reach your heart,
And draw from you, the word, "In peace depart."

I am a CHRISTIAN, Sir, and Christ, my Lord,
Will bless, with vast and infinite reward,
The man, who to His suffering subject shows
Compassion, and relief from heavy woes.

In view of our relationship as *men*,—
Which should all sinful prejudice condemn—
In view of prayers, and tears, and many sighs,
Which daily to Jehovah's throne arise—
In view of millions sinking down to hell,
Whose sufferings mortal lips can never tell—
In view of Time, which soon will be no more,
But waft us to a distant, unknown shore—
In view of Death, which hastens on apace,
To usher us before the Judge's face—
In view of that great, final, reck'ning day,
When we shall hear Him to His children say,
"Come near, ye blessed, and sit down with Me,
On thrones, prepared from all eternity;"
But to the wicked—"Hence, accurs'd, depart,
With Satan and his angels have your part"—
In view of heaven, where angels prostrate fall,
With saints, confessing Jesus, "Lord of all;"
Where blissful pleasures do forever roll,
And full fruition fills up every soul—
In view of *vast Eternity* to come,
Which fixes our unchanging, future doom—
In view of *all*—I ask, once more, the same,
And plead for *mercy*, in my Saviour's name,—

Commending you to His all gracious care,
That you may hear and grant my earnest prayer.
Your most ob't.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

PENITENTIARY, Sept. 23, 1845.

THE SLAVE'S HOPE.

The following was suggested by a Slave's coming into the Prison, whom I asked, "When are you going to be free?" He replied, "After I'm dead!"

From this sore bondage I then shall be *free*,

After I'm dead—After I'm dead.

Rest, in the grave, there remains yet for me,

After I'm dead—After I'm dead.

Here I expect still to suffer and toil,

And with my heart's blood to fatten the soil:

But oh! I shall rest from this world of turmoil,

After I'm dead—After I'm dead.

I shall be free from the Tyrant's strong hand,

After I'm dead—After I'm dead:

Nor, trembling, hear his loud, threat'ning command,

After I'm dead—After I'm dead.

Now they may bind me, and beat when they please,

Press me with burdens which give me no ease—

No more, as their victim, on me shall they seize,

After I'm dead—After I'm dead.

I shall be free from their scorn and contempt,

After I'm dead—After I'm dead.

They, to their malice, may give a free vent,

After I'm dead—After I'm dead :
 Far from their power I then shall abide,
 Safe from their envy, secure from their pride—
 And soon, in the dust, they will lie by my side,
 After I'm dead—After I'm dead.

I shall be FREE ! O, the rapturous name !
 After I'm dead—After I'm dead :
 Free from my shackles, and all mortals' claim,
 After I'm dead—After I'm dead ;
 And my dear Saviour, I hope then to see,
 Who gave His life as a ransom for me,
 That I, in His kingdom, might ever be FREE,
After I'm dead—After I'm dead

"JESUS TAKE ME."

"Jesus, take me," cried our brother,*
 With his last and dying breath :
 Than this wish, I have no other,
 Bear me o'er the Jordan Death.
 Jesus, take me,
 Through the rolling current safe.

Take me from this world of trouble,
 Sorrow, sin, temptation, pain ;
 All below is but a bubble,
 Short, elusive, fleeting, vain.
 Jesus, take me ;
 This shall be eternal gain.

* I. P. Clary, a beloved student, at Mission Institute.

Take me—now my time of labor,
In the vineyard, here, is o'er;
Since for Heathen, friend or neighbor,
I can toil, and pray no more :
 Jesus, take me
To fair Canaan's happy shore.

Take me—to Thy kingdom glorious,
Where immortal spirits sing :
Over sin and death victorious,
O ! my soul is on the wing—
 Jesus, take me,
To Thy bosom, gracious King.

Glory ! glory ! to my Saviour,
Who hath bought me with His blood ;
By whose merit, I found favor ;
Safely o'er the swelling flood,
 Jesus take me—
Glory to the Lamb of God !

GOOD NEWS FROM A FRIEND.

Perhaps those who have never been in *Prison* will not be able to enter fully into the spirit of the following, which was composed, on the reception of a letter, from a dear friend, after a long time, without hearing any thing from my companions in prosperity.

Let gratitude my soul inflame,
For all the mercies of the Lord ;
And while I praise His glorious name,
His constant faithfulness record.

As to the thirsty Trav'ler faint,
Cold waters most reviving are ;
So to the humble, *exiled* saint,
Is joyful news from friends afar.

O ! how it cheers his sinking heart,
And His desponding soul revives ;
Allays the anguish—heals the smart—
When *news*, from those he loves, arrives !

With cheerfulness and courage strong,
He meets his sufferings, toils, and pain ;
In *hope*, the time will come, e'er long,
When they, on earth, shall meet again.

Though severed from his brethren dear,
'Mid foes and dangers all around ;
" *Good news* " from them, will always cheer,
And make his happiness abound.

It kindles up the flame of love,
And binds their hearts in stronger ties ;
While soon, they hope to meet above,
To love and praise beyond the skies.

To God, let heart-felt thanks ascend,
For this *new proof* of His kind care ;
For this *fresh token*, from my *friend*,
Of love, and sympathy, and prayer.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

In Prison, we heard of the departure of five of our companions, for India.—The following was composed, and sung in our “hallowed cell,” on the evening of the day they were to sail.

Farewell, lov'd companions so dear,
With whom we have oft bow'd in prayer ;
And, joined in sweet fellowship here,
Most precious communion did share :
Farewell—these sweet seasons are o'er,
The time of our *parting* has come ;
When you, for a far distant shore,
May leave all your friends, country, home.

To realms long enshrouded in night,
Envolved with darkness and gloom ;
Go, carry the Gospel's blest light,
From heaven, man's richest, best boon,
Where Idols are worshiped with zeal,
And Satan bears sway uncontrolled ;
The plan of *Salvation* reveal—
The banner of Jesus unfold.

In full gospel armor be clad,
For numerous and strong are your foes ;
The “Prince of this world” will be mad,
And rouse all his force t' oppose.
“*Fear not*”—but “*be strong in the Lord*,”
And all opposition defy ;
Be guided alone by *His word*,
And armies of Aliens shall fly.

Go forth—to the end of the world,
 Extending Emanuel's sway ;
 Before you, shall Idols be hurled,
 And vain superstition give way ;
 Nor think that your labor is done,
 While yet upon Earth you remain ;
 The time of your *rest* will not come,
 Till low in the dust you are lain.

We *soon* shall sit down with our Lord,
 In mansions of glory above ;
 And *then* find our Rest and Reward,
 Forever to praise Him, and love :
 O ! *there*, many souls may we bring,
 The anthems of rapture, to swell,
 To Christ, their Redeemer and King—
 Till then, dear companions, *farewell*.

DIALOGUE—A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Suggested by the departure of Jane Rendall, as a missionary to India.

Dear Mother, you suffered and toiled much for me,
 When I was so small, and dependent on thee ;
 You watched o'er my ways to restrain me from sin,
 And pointing to Jesus, said, " Love and serve Him."

Yes child, I *have* suffered, and toiled with much care,
 And for your best comfort, no effort did spare ;
 But when, for the Saviour, you left childish toys,
 My soul was then filled with exceeding great joys.

Dear Mother, I love you, and gladly would do,
Whatever I can to bring *comfort* to you ;
For all your great kindness I ne'er can repay,
Yet what will *most* comfort you ? Say, mother, say.

My daughter, your filial affection is such,
As adds to my comfort and happiness much;
But one thing remains now *to* run my cup o'er,
Be holy—be *useful*—and I ask no more.

To be such, my mother, is all my desire—
To be such, while living, my soul shall aspire;
And for the poor *Heathen*, who never yet heard
Of Christ, and salvation, my bosom is stirred.

Ah ! yes, child, their sorrows from past days of old,
Have been, and are still such as cannot be told ;
They grope in the darkness without any light,
And sink, in their blindness, to unending night.

Well Mother, I'm hearty, and vigorous, and young,
I know what the Saviour, for sinners, has done ;
Why could I not go and salvation proclaim ?
Go bear them the knowledge of Jesus' name.

Why, child, when you're wafted to that distant shore,
Your dear loving Mother you may see no more ;
Then what will you do, in a dark, foreign land,
When fainting, and sick—and no *mother* at hand ?

Dear Mother, I fear not—The Saviour is there,
To comfort me, strengthen, and answer my prayer :
The Heathen are *dying*—I pity their woe—
O ! say, Mother, say—may I go ? may I go ?

Yes, yes, my dear child—it rejoices my heart,
 To see you so willing, with kindred to part;
 To go where the light of the gospel ne'er shone,
 And to them, "glad tidings" of Pardon, make known.

O, glory to God! I'm now happy indeed,
 Since *you*, my dear mother, do bid me God-speed;
 But will you not *mourn*, when I'm far, far away,
 And round the dear Altar no more bow to pray?

No, no, daughter, no—for I trust in the Lord,
 He—*He* will be with you, your shield and reward:
 He'll bless you with water, and bless you with food,
 He'll bless you with *all* things that are for your *good*.

But, Mother, I know you will *pray* for your child,
 When lab'ring, and suffering for Savages wild;
 At morning, at noon, and at night will you bear
 My case to the ears of the "Hearer of prayer."

Yes, child, I shall follow, with prayer, night and day,
 That God will be with you, your comfort and stay;
 Go forth, and save *many* from sin, death, and hell,
 And soon we shall meet in fair Canaan—*farewell*.

Farewell, loving parents—farewell, sisters dear;
 Do not, when I'm absent, for me shed a tear.
 Farewell, youthful scenes—my companions, farewell,
 Farewell, native country—farewell, *all*—**FAREWELL**.

MEETING OF FRIENDS.

Welcome, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
For through His love, we meet again,
And join in friendship sweet ;
While many have been called to die,
Bright hope still sparkles in our eye,
As we each other greet.

Through many changes we have passed,
And felt affliction's piercing blast,
And various trials sore ;
But out of all, the Lord has brought,
Then let us love Him, as we ought,
And *trust* him evermore.

Ten thousand blessings has He given,
To cheer us on our road to heaven,
Through all the dangerous way ;
The *Desert* has supplied us food,
The flinty *Rock* poured out a flood,
And "*strength been as our day.*"

Come, let us count our *mercies* o'er—
The wisdom, goodness, love, adore,
Of our benignant God ;
Till *gratitude* our souls shall fire,
With an unceasing, strong desire,
To sound His praise abroad.

We'll bow before the Lord, in prayer,
To thank Him for His guardian care,
 And all His kindness shown;
Unite in songs of grateful praise,
In hope to strike celestial lays,
 Before our Father's throne.

O! *there* we'll meet, and shout, and sing
Loud anthems to our glorious King,
 With undivided heart;
Our friendship then cemented strong,
We'll join the everlasting song,
 And never, never part.

DEC. 3, 1845.

PARTING OF FRIENDS.

Friends, beloved for Jesus' sake,
Now before we separate,
Let us bow at His dear feet,
And ourselves to Him commit—
Thank Him, for His mercies past,
And His constant presence ask.

We may never meet agin,
While on Earth we shall remain;
But whate'er our *bodies* part,
We shall still be joined in *heart*:
Though *affliction* o'er us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.

Oft, before the Mercy seat,
Let us, for each other, seek
Blessings, such as God can give,
Or our needy souls receive:
In each state—on land or sea,
“As our day, our strength may be.”

Let us now anew, espouse
Our beloved Master’s cause—
Every energy enlist,
With our heart, and hands, assist,
To proclaim, the world around,
Full salvation’s joyful sound.

Soon we ’ll meet to part no more,
Meet, on Canaan’s peaceful shore—
Meet, in worlds of endless light—
Meet, to shine in robes of white—
Meet, to praise, and love, adore,
With our JESUS, evermore.

Happy, happy shall we be,
Happy, through Eternity:
Let us, then, with courage, bear
All our toils and sufferings here.
What our Saviour does, is *well*,
Then be *cheerful*, friends, FAREWELL.

DEC. 12, 1845.

MY PORTION.

There's nought on Earth, below the Sun,
That I can truly call *my own*,

And trust thereon secure:

Whate'er its nature, or its name,
It rests on a precarious claim—

A title *insecure*.

A precious gift, from God to man—
While measuring out our little span

Of mortal life—is *Time*:

But quick the years do roll away,
Nor will a single moment stay,

Till I can call it *mine*.

Houses, and lands, and glittering ore,
Though multiplied from shore to shore,

Take wings, and fly away:

Naked into the world I came,
And naked, I must leave the same,
Nor do I know the day.

Neighbors, and friends, and kindred dear,
By whom I am surrounded here,

And whom I fondly love:

Cut down upon the left and right,
Are snatched forever from my sight,
While in this world I rove.

A bosom friend, on whom we lean,
And darling children, too, who seem

To be an earthly prop,
Are sudden torn from our embrace,
And never shall we see their face,
While in this vale we stop.

To *Liberty*—delightful sound—
My tenure, *feeble* I have found,
And learned 'twas not my own;
While cruel, unrelenting bands,
With wicked and oppressive hands,
Did bind and crush me down.

Nor can I call *myself* my own—
This truth, the Bible has made known,
And may, by all, be read:
Then, fierce diseases, too, invade,
Which tell me I must soon be laid,
And numbered with the dead.

Where'er I turn, or cast my eye,
Around the Earth, or vaulted Sky,
And view each flaming Ball,
One certain truth I clearly read,
Which makes the hearts of mortals bleed—

UNCERTAIN—TRANSIENT—ALL

But GOD is *mine*—my portion *sure*—
Which shall to endless years endure,
Unchangeable—the same:
The Earth may burn—the Sun decay,
And all creation melt away—
My portion shall remain.

In all His fulness, He is MINE—
 His wisdom, love, and power divine,
 His justice, and His grace :
 To save, defend, and be my guide,
 All good, as I have need, provide,
 Through all this desert waste.

The precious *promises* I own,
 As firm as the eternal throne,
 All given on demand ;
 For every want that man can know,
 In every strait while here below,
 I have a *note* of *hand*.

A *Mansion*, *Kingdom*, and a *Crown*,
 When I shall lay this body down,
 Is mine—reserved in heaven :
 Eternal bliss, and glory there,
 With Saints, and Angels, I shall share—
 For now, the *Earnest*'s given.

Let others have their shining gold—
 Their treasures, more than can be told—
 Their honor and renown :
 Give me my GOD—I ask no more,
 But glory in my boundless store,
 And tread their trifles down.

My hope is fixed beyond the skies,
 Where everlasting pleasures rise,
 And sorrows come no more—
 There I shall see my glorious KING,

And join the blood-washed throng, to sing
Loud anthems evermore.

And when I reach that happy place,
And view my Saviour, face to face,
I'll give Him highest praise
For poverty, affliction, pain,
In yonder world from whence I came—
A dark, bewildering maze.

I welcome, then, the piercing blast—
For O ! though sharp, 't will soon be past,
And waft me homeward too :
Let tempests blow, and billows roll,
My Captain will their rage control,
And bear me safely through.

DEC. 14, 1845.

“WE SEE JESUS.”

“We see Jesus”—in the *manger*,
Laid upon His bed of hay ;
Born from home, a little stranger,
Where the beasts are wont to lay.
See Him from His country driven,
Into dreary regions, wild,
By the royal mandate given,
To destroy the kingly child.

See Him sweet obedience giving,
To His mother's kind commands ;
And, with Joseph, for a living,

Sweat and toil with His own hands.
When arrives the time appointed,
See Him publicly appear:
With the Holy Ghost annointed,
"This, my Son, beloved, hear."

See Him round the country going,
And the Gospel trumpet blow;
Hunger, toil, and suffering, knowing,
To redeem our souls from wo.
On the water—weary, sleeping :
In the Mount—all night, in prayer;
Over hardened sinners, weeping,
Who refused His life to spare.

See His works of love and wonder,
On the poor, the blind, the lame ;
Death's strong fetters burst assunder,
And the dumb sound forth His fame.
But we see Him *scorned and hated*,
Loaded with *reproach and shame* !
Scoffs and insults, unabated,
Poured upon His lovely name !!

See Him, with His chosen, seated
Round the sacramental board ;
From the bustling crowd retreated,
Special comforts to afford.
Lo ! He takes, and, with His blessing,
Gives the sacred emblems round :
Precious food ! O, how refreshing
Are the heavenly symbols found !

See Him in the Garden, bleeding,
 Prostrate on the damp, cold ground :
 With His heavenly Father pleading,
 In a plaintive, solemn sound.
 Hark ! in *agony* He's crying,
 Crushed to earth beneath His load !
 Swiftly comes an Angel flying,
 Bringing help and strength from God.

See Him now surrounded, taken
 By His ruthless, cruel foes :
 Kiss'd, betrayed, by friends forsaken !
 Bound, and led to heavier woes !
 Lo ! He's *mocked*, condemned, abused,
 Smitten with an impious hand ;
 And with grievous crimes accused—
 While the “*dogs*”* around Him stand.

See Him purple mock-robcs wearing,
 Buffeted, and spit upon !
 See the *thorns* His temples tearing,
 And the blood fast trickling down !
 O, what gentle, heavenly meekness !
 “Like a lamb to slaughter brought .”†
 Toiling 'neath His Cross in weakness,
 Not a murmur'ring word or thought !

“ We see Jesus”—O ! amazing !
 Stretched between the heavens and earth !
 Crowds are gathered round Him gazing—

* Ps. 22 : 16.]

† Is. 53 : 7.

With them, she who gave Him birth.
 While with pond'rous spikes they nail Him,
 Tear His hands, and pierce His feet :
 Pious women sore bewail Him,
 And in bitter anguish weep.

See Him on the Cross suspended,
 While His enemies deride :
 Insults, with His sufferings blended,
 And reproaches multiplied !
 Lo ! the Sun the sight refuses,
 Solid rocks and marble rend !
 Death, its hold on many looses—
 Earth, convulsive throes doth blend.

See Him filled with gloom and anguish,
 When His *Father* has withdrawn ;
 Leaving Him to pine and languish,
 And the “ wine press tread alone.” *
 See them *trifle* with His groaning,
 When He thirsts, give bitter *gall* !
 While *all nature* is bemoaning,
 Guilty *man* makes light of all !!

“ We see Jesus,” hanging, praying ;
 “ Father, O, do them forgive ;
 For they know not *whom* they’re slaying,
 Spare, O ! spare them—let them live.”
 See Him, too, His soul committing
 To His heavenly Father’s hands ;

* Is. 63 : 3.

Then, "*Tis finished*"—all that's written,
Or the broken Law demands.

"We see *Jesus*," gasping, dying—
Sacrifice for sinful man;
And, the Soldier's spear applying,
Down the crimson torrent ran.
Now is opened the blest "fountain
For uncleanness and for sin ;"
Come, O, come to Calvary's mountain,
Wash, and cleanse your souls from sin.

"We see *Jesus*," buried—rising
On the third appointed day :
Priests, and Roman Guard surprising,
Angels roll the rock away.
Victory! to our *Jesus* glorious—
Victory! to our rising King :
Over every foe victorious,
Death has lost its power to sting.

See Him now to heaven ascending,
On a chariot of cloud :
And, bright Angels Him attending,
Bear Him to the throne of God.
There—we see Him interceding
For His suffering followers here :
Advocate successful, pleading,
That they all His bliss may share.

"We see *Jesus*," there preparing
Thrones, and Mansions, for them too :

*Zech. 18: 1.

Soon we shall His joy be sharing,
And His glory soon, shall view.
See Him coming to receive us,
On a cloud of dazzling white.
“ O ! come quickly, come Lord Jesus,”
Waits my soul to take its flight.

Now by *faith*, do we see Jesus,
As our only righteousness,
Who from sin’s dominion frees us,
And with joy and peace doth bless.
His *Redemption* is our own glory,
Which He purchased by His death ;
And we’ll tell the joyful story,
While He lends us mortal breath.

“ We see Jesus”—our *Example*,
All our earthly journey through :
Constantly a LIVING SAMPLE,
How, in every case, to do.
See in Him a fullness, boundless,
Equal to our every need :
So that doubts and fears are groundless,
And dishonor Him indeed.

“ We see Jesus”—willing, ready,
All His blessings to impart :
When, by faith, we trust Him steady,
And receive Him in our heart.
See Him, Mighty, ever nigh us,
In each danger to defend ;

Though in wisdom, He may try us,
He will help us to the end.

"*We see Jesus*"—sight reviving !
Hope of sinners, joy of saints :
O ! to be *new* views deriving,
Which shall silence all complaints.
There's no object in creation,
Can compare with Him we love :
He alone, is our *Salvation*—
He is all the theme above.

JAN. 3, 1846.

THE ANNUAL CONCERT—FIRST MONDAY IN THE YEAR.

Upon this consecrated day,
Will many thousands meet to pray ;
Before the Lord to fast, and plead
The Gospel's *universal* spread.

From East to West, their cries ascend—
From North to South, petitions blend—
In *every* land where *Truth* doth shine,
Will many in this concert join :

United in one great request,
That every Nation may be blest—
The glorious Gospel's joyful sound,
Be published all the earth around :

That darkness, idols, error's sway,
Before its influence may give way—

Christ's kingdom come, His will be done,
By all on earth below the Sun.

O, glorious object! Joyful sight!
To see the hosts of God unite
In this great work of faith and love,
Which brought the Savior from above.

Lord, speed the time when all who claim
To be Thy sons—of *every name*—
Of every kindred, tribe, and tongue—
Shall in *this work, unite AS ONE.*

Then shall Thy Gospel fly abroad,
As far as human foot has trod :
And all who now in darkness sit,
Shall bow submissive at Thy feet.

With Heralds, in a Heathen land,
Work *Thou*, with an almighty hand :
Subdue the Nations, by Thy word,
And pour Thy Spirit on them, Lord.

O ! hear Thy people's prayers, to day,
And lead the pious *Youth* to say,
“Here, gracious Lord, am I, send *me*,
Where'er I can most useful be.”

Thy people every where, arouse,
With willing hearts, this work t' espouse ;
And never, from their efforts cease,
Till *all* shall own Thee “PRINCE OF PEACE.”

DEATH OF WM. GRIZZLE.

He was a Murderer—but was converted, and toiled with us, in our Prison, more than three years. His life and spirit, there, were emphatically, *Christian*.

A fellow Pris'ner, called our toils to share,
And with us, griefs and suff'rings long to bear ;
With whom we bow'd before the Mercy seat,
And oft enjoyed communion, heavenly, sweet—
Of that dear brother, it must now be said,
“His race is run—He's numbered with the dead.”

His pathway was through tribulation deep,
Which tried his faith, and often made him weep :
Surrounded, oft, by many a threat'ning cloud,
With dismal, startling sounds, and thund'rings loud—
Yet, with firm confidence, to God he clung,
And of His loving-kindness loudly sung.

When by his bed-side, we could kneel and pray,
And sing the songs of Zion, night or day—
Of heaven, and Jesus' love could freely speak,
And all the precious Promises repeat ;
Bright hope, and joy, would sparkle in his eye,
And he could say, “I'm not afraid to die.”

His wife and children, in believing prayer,
He cast upon his heavenly Father's care,
To feed, defend, instruct, and sanctify,
And fit them all to meet above the sky :

Then, waiting patient, his last change to meet,
He, in his Savior, sweetly "*fell asleep.*"

Thus are his toilings, griefs and suff'rings o'er :
And now, on Canaan's happy, peaceful shore,
He'll see the *wisdom, goodness, love* of God,
In all the pains and smartings of the rod :
And *for* it all, will praise, adore, and love,
With all the blissful company above.

O ! *happy* brother—what a glorious change !
Here, suffering pris'ner—Now, with JESUS reigns:
Here, cast-out, scorned, disfigured, trodden down,
Now honored by IMMANUEL, with a CROWN !
From earthly prisons, and from cruel *foes*,
To heavenly mansions, and to God he goes !

NO EVIL TO THE JUST.

" There shall *no evil* happen to the just,"
Who make the Lord, their only hope and trust—
Who yield with pleasure to His holy will,
Content with all His ways, submissive, still—
Who, in His wisdom, faithfulness, confide,
And ever in the Saviour's love abide.

All such are **SAFE**—though strong the tempests blow,
And high the rolling, surging billows flow ;
Though loud, incessant, peals of thunder roll,
And streams of lightning dart from pole to pole—
Though Earth, with strong commotions, shake and reel,
They're **SAFE**—and shall **NO EVIL** fear, or feel.

Let Kings and Monarchs blend their mighty power,
 And join with fiends, the Righteous to devour—
 Let fiery persecution rage and flame,
 And on them pour reproaches, scandals, shame—
 Join Earth and Hell to tread them in the dust,
 “*There shall NO EVIL happen to the Just.*”

By fierce diseases they may be brought down,
 And Providence, awhile, *appear* to frown—
 Their friends may die—their prospects all be dashed,
 And they in dreary dungeons long be cast—
 Dark clouds of *seeming* evils, o'er them brood—
 But *all* shall work their everlasting GOOD.

In every age and state—in every land,
 They are upheld by an Almighty Hand—
 Infinite *Wisdom* chooses all their lot,
 And sovereign *Goodness* sweetly says, “*Fear not*”—
 While guardian *Angels* all their path surround,
 To stop the Lions' mouths, and foes confound.

O ! blessed Promise ! to the Righteous given,
 While up and down this cruel world they're driven—
 It cheers their hearts—supports them in distress—
 And as for me, let others curse or bless,
 Believe this *soul-reviving* word I must—
 “**THERE SHALL NO EVIL HAPPEN TO THE JUST.**”

“THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH ME.”

A gospel principle within,
 Constrains my soul to hate all sin ;

A constant war with it to make,
Of no forbidden fruit partake,
But every evil way forsake—

"The love of CHRIST."

Of God's free, boundless love to tell,
And save lost men from sin and hell ;
Redemption loudly to proclaim,
And wand'ring prodigals reclaim—
This shall my warmest zeal inflame,

"The love of CHRIST."

To comfort saints, and build them up,
Or when they drink affliction's cup,
To teach them how, with pure desire,
To "glorify Him in the fire,"
This shall my melting heart inspire,

"The love of CHRIST."

Where I the poor and needy find,
The lame, the sick, the dumb, the blind,
I cannot unaffected stand ;
Whate'er their sufferings may demand,
This shall provoke my liberal hand,

"The love of CHRIST."

To spread the Gospel round the world,
Till Satan from his seat be hurled--
To extend our Prince Emanuel's reign,
O'er every kingdom, tribe and name,
Doth all my energies constrain,

"The love of CHRIST."

A living sacrifice, I give
Myself, my all, for Him to live—
And while my soul on Earth remains,
I *must* deny all other claims,
For thus His bleeding love constrains—
“THE LOVE OF CHRIST.”

DEPARTURE OF JAMES E. BURR, FROM
PRISON.

My brother, beloved, has gone !
So long my companion in grief ;
Four years, and six months rolled along
Before he obtained relief ;
Then, *open* the prison doors flew,
And Liberty, longed for, was given ;
And now, with delight, he can view
The beauties of Earth and of Heaven.

He's gone from his Prison of gloom,
To meet spirits kindred and dear ;
Ah ! *here* he did languish, and swoon—
There, all will conspire to cheer ;
The Righteous will gather around—
With singing and praying, rejoice—
In raptures of joy he will bound,
The Saviour to praise with loud voice.

To toil here, and sufferings, farewell—
Farewell, iron doors, and huge walls ;
Farewell to the “hallowed cell,”

Where God heard and answered his calls—
Where oft to the brink of the grave,
Disease his frail body, did bring—
Where Jesus was mighty to save,
And raised him, of mercy to sing.

First one, now the other has left,
My Partners in gladness and wo ;
Of all *kindred* spirits bereft,
For comfort, to whom shall I go ?
There's none here my burdens can share,
To whom I can open my heart ;
They pity, and wonder, and stare,
But none *understandeth* my smart.

But, glory to God and the Lamb !
With freedom to Him I can go :
My case He doth well understand,
And each secret feeling doth know--
To *Him* I'll unbosom my soul,
For He will sweet comfort afford ;
And while the high waves o'er me roll,
I humbly will wait on the Lord.

A Pris'ner, they long may retain—
With locks, bolts, and bars keep secure—
This *body*, in torturing pain,
While reason or life shall endure--
They cannot, no *cannot* they bind,
What God has created so *free*—
The *Spirit* immortal—the *MIND*—
A Slave it disdaineth to be.

From dungeons it sallies abroad,
And visits Earth's far distant shores ;
Surveys the creation of God,
And Earth, Seas, and Planets explores—
From Arctic to Antarctic flies,
Where Mortals did never yet tread ;
From West, to behold the Sun rise,
And view the life-giving beams spread.

It enters the Churches, so fair,
Where Saints in devotion are bow'd ;
And joins in importunate prayer,
Or harmonic praises aloud :
It hastens to the lonely fire-side,—
Where kindred and friends gather round ;
Or far where the Heathen abide,
And Heralds in labors abound.

It soars to the Heavenly Throne,
Where Angels, and Saints join in praise ;
Views pleasures to mortal unknown,
And glory that never decays—
Holds converse with Jesus the King,
And infinite blessings receives ;
Returns to the *dungeon*, to bring
Sweet comfort to him that *believes*,

Then bind me with chains, hand and foot,
My body with burdens crush down ;
Or deep in foul dungeons be put—
And all men with enmity frown—
Yet let it to *all men* be told,

To all, who, with sorrows are bow'd—
In *every condition*, I hold
In *Spirit*, COMMUNION WITH GOD.

DIALOGUES, BETWEEN TWO PRISONERS.

A Prisoner, who was converted, after J. E. B. left, came to cell with me. Between him and myself, the following dialogues took place, each composing his own part :

NO. I.—THE HALLOWED CELL.

Joseph.

With you I've come to dwell,
And serve the Lord our God,
In this your "hallowed cell,"
Where He makes His abode :
For though He rules the hosts above,
Yet *here* He dwells in peace and love.

When grief o'erhangs my brow,
And darkness clouds my soul,
Then you will tell me how
My feelings to control ;
You'll teach me how to trust in God,
And meekly kiss His chastening rod.

This cell shall be my home,
And you shall be my friend,
Till God's own time shall come,
Deliverance to send :
Then let us go where He shall lead,
His truth to show—His lambs to feed.

George.

A hearty welcome, friend,
To this, the "hallowed cell;"
In prayer, our hearts we'll blend,
And songs of Zion swell.
Together joy—together weep,
And live in fellowship most sweet.

In all our sorrows here,
Temptations, trials, pain,
We will each other cheer,
And trust in Jesus' name;
His love to us shall ne'er abate,
Nor will we e'er our Lord forsake.

Though sufferings now abound,
Reproaches on us pour—
And loudly all around
The hellish Lions roar:
Yet in our *God* will we confide,
And safely in His love abide.

In cold affliction's hour,
O! may we never faint,
Nor give the Tempter power,
By murmuring or complaint;
But meekly kiss the chastening rod,
And bless the *kindness* of our God.

"Tis His amazing *love*,
Inflicts the present smart,
To draw our souls above,
And purify the heart.

Then let us, in each state, *rejoice,*
And praise His name with cheerful voice.

Soon, all our conflicts o'er,
We'll view our glorious King,
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where loud hosannas ring—
And join the everlasting song,
Of the celestial, blood-washed throng.

Then let us patient wait,
In earnest, humble prayer;
In every earthly strait,
On God roll all our care :
And we His faithfulness shall see,
That "As our day, our strength shall be."

MARCH 7, 1846.

NO. II.—THE CONVERT INSTRUCTED.

George.

Dear friend, have you mourned o'er your wand'rings
from God,
And sought His forgiveness, through Jesus' blood—
Sincerely confessing and turning to Him—
Forsaking and watching against every sin ?

Joseph.

I have mourned my folly, and more so will do :
(O ! God, by Thy Spirit, my proud heart subdue,)
My sins, I confess, and for pardon do pray,
Through the blood of the Saviour—my "Shield and my
Stay."

I strive to forsake, and to watch against sin,
But cunning it works, my affections to win ;
Yet *Jesus* will pluck the vile root from my breast,
Then I shall be free, and my soul sweetly reat.

George.

Yes, let in the *Saviour*, to fill up your heart,
In every desire, affection, and part :
He 'll drive out the rebels, and conquer your foes,
And give you such comfort as no worldling knows.

Now have you devoted—a sacrifice whole—
To Him, and His service, your body and soul—
To love and adore Him, while He lends you breath,
And faithfully serve Him, till summoned by death ?

Joseph.

To God, I *have* given my body and soul,
My time, and my strength, shall be His, at His call :
All, *all* that I have, I devote to His cause,
To love Him, and serve Him, and honor His laws.

George.

The "lusts of the flesh," do you strive to subdue,
And now seek to know what for Him you can do ?
With ardent emotions desiring to swell
The number of "*Ransomed*" from sin and from Hell ?

Joseph.

The lusts of the body will *soon* be subdued,
No more shall they fiercely upon me intrude ;
For Jesus has strengthened my arm in the fight,
And soon I shall conquer them all, in His might.

Then what shall I do, that His name may be known,
Who saved me from hell, by His mercy alone ?
I'll call upon sinners to come to His cross,
And see what He suffered for wretches like us.

George.

What mercy amazing ! that led us to *think*,
When pressing so madly to hell's fiery brink—
That snatched us, as "brands," from the burning abyss,
And taught us the *Rod*, in submission, to kiss !

All glory, dear brother, to God, on His throne,
Let each of us give Him, for what He has done ;
From praise and "*thanks living*," O ! let us ne'er cease,
For turning our feet in the ways of His peace.

The honors, and riches, and crown of a *King*—
The shouts and applauses which make the Earth ring—
Or smiles of your God, (though the world you should
lose,)
And honors of *usefulness*—which would you choose ?

Joseph.

What though, with loud plaudits the air should resound—
My brow be encircled with laurels around—
Such *banishes* are but the vain dreams of a *day*,
They glitter a season, but soon fade away.

The smiles of our *Father*—O ! measureless joy !—
Through unceasing ages, our praise shall employ :
I'll sacrifice all this vain world can afford,
To live and rejoice in the smiles of the Lord.

And oh! to be *useful*, in spreading His name,
And wandering sinners to teach and reclaim—
To feed their poor souls with the bread He has given,—
Let this be my work—O! my Father in heaven.

George.

There's nothing so noble, so grand, upon Earth,
(How vain the distinctions of Rank and of Birth !)
As title of "CHRISTIAN," in word and in deed,
And striving, to Jesus, poor wand'lers to lead.

This, *this* is the object for which we *exist*—
O! may the blest work every power enlist,
Thus shall we resemble our Captain and Lord,
Who waits to bestow an eternal reward.

How empty, and fleeting, Earth's pleasures and joys!
Deceptive, and mingled with many alloys!
Its honors, as light as a puff that is blown—
Its wishes, a bubble, that bursts, and is flown!

As *Christians*, such trifles we are to despise,
And lay up our treasure and hope in the skies—
Seek only the honor that cometh from God,
And follow in paths the Redeemer has trod.

My spirit rejoices, dear brother, to learn,
That over lost men, your compassions do yearn:
From all earthly objects can turn with disdain,
To honor our blessed Emanuel's name.

Joseph.

Well, *can* I be useful in this dreary maze,
In showing to sinners their dangerous ways?

In bearing true witness, that God will forgive,
If sin they forsake, and for Jesus will live ?

O ! tell me, my Brother, if aught I may do,
While here, I am suffering, in Prison, with you—
The hearts of our fellows in sorrow, to move,
And bring them to God, who is Pity and Love ?

George.

For wise and kind reasons, to Prison we're brought,
That we may, to God's will, *submission* be taught—
To see, if in *trouble*, to Him we will cling,
And in each condition, His praises will sing.

Surrounded by those, who deride holy ways—
Who sneer at the Christian, and mock when he *prays*,—
We surely, are called on to “let our *LIGHT SHINE*,”
And bear witness true, for our Master divine.

Joseph.

But have you forgot, in your zeal for the Lord,
That here, we're commanded to speak not a word—
Not even permitted to read, sing, or pray,
With any poor Pris'ner, by night, or by day ?

You know we are fettered—by *law*, are *tongue-tied*,
And all Christian priv'leges sternly denied ;
We view anxious sinners, and feeble, weak lambs,
But cannot approach them, to strengthen their hands.

Though some are now panting for help, by the way,
We scarcely can say to them, “ Pray, Brother, pray ! ”
In such a dilemma, O ! what can be done,
That from this great number, we may rescue *some* ?

George.

Yes, yes, it's so, truly, but still we can speak,
In language convincing, and accents most sweet—
By *holy example*, we loudly can preach,
And *Sceptics* the truth of Religion can teach.

And then, a few words, we can drop, here and there,
(Which Jesus will bless, if accompanied with prayer;)
To comfort the lambs, and proud rebels induce
To come and enlist, in the service with us.

O! watch such occasions, and zealous improve—
With balm of the Gospel, the suffering soothe,
Be *humble*, be *holy*, be *prayerful*, be *meek*,
And wisdom from heaven, continually seek;

Be sober—though sinners are trifling and vain,
Be *kind* and *forbearing*—though loaded with shame,
Be *gentle* and *patient*—though falsely accused,
Be *mild*, and *forgiving*—though greatly abused.

In every condition, be *cheerful content*;
And ne'er from your bosom, a murmur be sent,
Thus, in your *EXAMPLE*, exhibit each grace,
And you shall be useful in this wicked place.

Joseph.

O! what a bright vision now bursts on my sight!
O! blessed effusion of heavenly light!
For now I perceive we in *silence* can preach—
By "*holy example*," great lessons, may teach.

My gracious Redeemer, I'll serve in this way,
And loudly will preach of His goodness, each day;

From morning till evening, His love I'll proclaim,
And then, sing at night, to the praise of His name.

George.

Well, Brother, be faithful, while here you remain—
Your suff'rings and labors shall not be in vain.
Wait patiently, through fleeting days a few more,
Till unto you, God shall sweet freedom restore.

Joseph.

But when you are gone, and from bondage are free,
Who then will unite in devotion with me ?
Your kindness, and counsels, that cheered me along,
No more shall I hear—nor your voice in the song.

Your chair shall be empty—how cheerless and void
My evenings will be, when you're not by my side !
But oh ! you'll be happy, and free—bless the Lord !
And I will find comfort in reading His word.

George.

"Fear not!"—"be courageous"—"believe," and "be strong;"
The Saviour will come for deliverance e'er long.
He, He will be with you, in every strait,
To comfort, revive you, and never forsake.

Your Prison shall more than Kings' palaces prove,
If you, in His highway of *Promise* will move:
Your Brother, and constant Companion, He'll be,
And whisper, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Then wait on the Lord, and His faithfulness trust,
Though long, by affliction, you sorely are crush'd—

If clouds of dense darkness should over you brood,
Remember that "ALL THINGS shall work for your *good*."

Joseph.

Yes, yes, I will constantly wait on the Lord,
And trust in His promises—every word.
Fear never shall move me, while *God* is my Friend:
Whatever betide, I'll be true to the end.

But, Brother, when God shall deliverance bring—
The doors of my Prison wide open shall fling—
Shall't be that thenceforth I should live to *myself*,
In seeking for honor, or hoarding up pelf ?

No ! no ! in His service I still will abide,
And boldly declare that I am on His side.
I'll labor, that sinners in Him may be free—
The smiles of His count'nance my wages shall be.

The world and its pomp, I will scorn and reject—
The work of the Lord, I will never neglect :
Then tell me, my Brother, what course to pursue,
That *good* be accomplished in all that I do.

George.

Well, two ways I'll mention—Go take you a *wife*,
Repair to your farm-house, or work-shop, for life ;
There live in enjoyment and ease with your spouse,
And give a small mite, now and then, to *God's cause*.*

* This is said to try him—it being the way the great mass of professing Christians live: but may the spirit of this Prison Convert shame their narrow-mindedness.

Joseph.

How poorly requited my Saviour would be,
 For His loving kindness and mercy to me,
 Were I and my wife to court *pleasure* and *ease*,
 And hope that a *mite* would our conscience appease !

George.

Then labor the harder, and *save* all you can,
 By living on old friend *Frugality's* plan !
 In acts of beneficence *largely* abound,
 And speak of *Salvation* to neighbors around.

Joseph.

"Tis better—and yet I must venture to say,
 All this might be done, as it were, by the way :
 Could I not still *further* my labors extend,
 And yet not to great erudition pretend ?

George.

O ! Glory to Jesus, that you do aspire,
 With such an unquenchable, ardent desire,
 To spend, and be spent in the work of your King,
 And all in His Realm in allegiance to bring.

Come, give your attention, and I *will* explain
 How you can *most* honor Emanuel's name.
 To do this, if I understand you aright,
 Is all your desire, and all your delight.

Joseph.

Yes, this is my wish, both at home and abroad,
 (A vow I have made, on my knees, unto God :)

My joy it shall be while my life shall remain.
Go on, then, I'm eager to hear you explain.

George.

Well, look o'er the Nations, in darkness who moan,
Beyond where the light of the Gospel hath shone—
Twice three hundred millions, in ignorance grope,
Who never yet heard of the Saviour, our Hope.

Envolved in Error—enshrouded with Night;
Their deeds are appalling, and shocking to sight:
The “Prince of this world,” with tyrannical hand,
Sways, proudly, his scepter, o'er all that dark land.

Before *wooden* gods, beasts, and reptiles they fall !
On Sun, Moon, and Stars, and stone idols they call !!
¶ The father will sacrifice to them his *Son* !!!
And think, by so doing, their *favor* is won !!!!

¶ The Mother will bury *her children alive*!
While neighbors and friends at the outrage connive :
Or cast them in Rivers, where Crocodiles play !
And fatten on thousands of innocent prey !!

¶ The children will murder their *parents*, when old !
The women, as *drudges*, in bondage they hold ;
And then when their masters do breathe out their last,
Themselves, on the high burning pile they will cast !

Uplifted on *hooks*, through the air will they swing,
While shouts of the multitude make the Earth ring !
And multiplied tortures, they *eager* endure,
In hope, thus, the smiles of their *gods* to secure !!

Uncleanness, and vices of *all kinds*, prevail,
 More numerous than I, at the present, can tell:
 In vain superstitions, they greatly abound,
 Because they know not of the Gospel's glad sound.

Thus, in their pollutions, they sink down to hell,
 With Devils, in torments, forever to dwell !!
Here, Brother, there is an abundance of work,
 In which you can *every* power exert.

Joseph.

How wretched is man, without knowledge of God !
 (O ! Lord, send the sound of Thy Gospel abroad.)
 His nature, how savage ! his heart, how depraved !
 O ! could not those Heathen, through *Jesus*, be saved ?

Will not our Redeemer, in mercy and love,
 Such horrible scenes from among them remove ?
 His cross-waving banner, amid them unfurl,
 Till all idol gods, to destruction they hurl ?

Are *men* to be found who will carry it there,
 And all its glad tidings unto them declare ?
 O ! would *I* were *now* where such darkness doth reign,
 Proclaiming the name of the Lamb that was slain.

If Heralds of mercy *were* sent to unfold
 The riches of Jesus— more precious than gold—
 Would Heathens *receive* them with gladness of heart,
 And hear the instructions they had to impart ?

George.

Yes, “Lift up your eyes, and behold the fields” *ripe*,
 Most beauteously waving, for harvest, “all white”—

As far as the eye can extend, there appears
A bountiful prospect of rich, golden ears.

The night of *exclusion*, in China, is o'er,
And ten thousand Lab'lers are needed, and more,
To show them the way, the great God has prepared,
To honor His law, while the Sinner is spared.

And so, in Borneo, Malacca, Siam,
They're waiting to hear of this wonderful plan;
In Burmah, Hindoostan, Madeira, Ceylon,
Is laid a *broad basis* to build now upon.

In Persia, and Syria, and fam'd Palestine,
The light, in bright beams, is beginning to shine;
In Turkey, Armenia, and old learned Greece,
Are many, now sueing, through Jesus, for peace.

From Senegal, Gambia, and noted Mendi,
They lift, for our help, their importunate cry;
At Guinea, Gaboon, Ethiopic Pangwee,
The country, for Lab'lers, is open and free.

And Natal, Caffraria, and regions along,
I'll mention among the vast suppliant throng;
Who, ages, in darkness and error have dwelt,
But now loudly cry, "O, come over and help."

"The isles of the Ocean," the Prophet once saw,
Demolish their idols, and "wait for God's law!"
From South Seas, and Northern—the West, and the
East,
They wait for a call to the rich Gospel feast.

And in our own country, here where we abide,
 Are thousands of Indians, who live by our side—
 Oppressed, and abused, by the servants of State,—
 O ! should not all *Christians*, to save them, awake ?

In every dominion, and nation, and tribe,
 A door to be *useful*, is now opened wide :
 The world is awaking, the *Truth* to obey,
 But soon will grasp *Error*, if yet we delay !

It *will* be converted—the work *must* be done—
 “The Heathen” are given, by God, to His Son.
 This, *this* is the work of His militant host,
 And *this* is the way we can *honor Him* MOST.

To save a lost *world*, came the Saviour to Earth—
 For this, the Apostles did publish His birth—
 And in ancient times all the saints of the Lord
 Went every where to make known the same word.

If *you* will *most* honor your Saviour and God,
 Or tread in the paths the old worthies have trod,
 Then haste to the HEATHEN, and loudly proclaim,
 The glad news of Pardon, through Him that was slain.

Joseph.

With eager delight, I would enter the field,
 That promises fruit, in abundance, to yield,
 And labor with joy, while the Lord gives me strength,
 That all may redound to His glory, at length.

But ah ! I am *ignorant*—grievously so !
 On such a great mission, how then could I go ?

I fear I will never be able to preach,
For chances of learning seem now out of reach.

George.

No, no, Brother—no—conclude not thus, in haste—
For I have the pleasure to speak of a place,
Where *all needful* learning, e'en *you* can obtain,
To fit you for publishing Jesus' name.

Joseph.

But silver and gold, I have none—neither friends,
Nor means to promote such desirable ends.
My mallet and chisel* is all my support,
And man's *learning* season, you know, is but short.

George.

No matter, if silver and gold you have not—
It is a devoted and hallowed spot
For all *pious* youth, though they're ever so poor,
If hardship, and toil, they are willing to endure.

Where, with an intense application of mind,
They, most useful training, and knowledge shall find,
To gird and equip them, with vigor to fight,
In turning the Nations from darkness to light.

For Books, and Instruction, is asked *no repay*—
All find their own living, work, study, and pray—
And to this blest "school of the Prophets," can *you*,
Go work with your hands, and your studies pursue.

Remember, it is to be *useful*, we live—
For this, did our Father our faculties give,

* He is a stone cutter.

That "Lab'rers together with Him," we might be,
And offer to all men, His mercy, so free.

Joseph.

The prospect now brightens—my heart beats anew—
Yea, now I can see all I wish, at a view.
God, surely, looks down with ineffable grace,
On that Institution—that hallowed place.

He surely looks down, from His palace above,
To bless such a school, with the smiles of His love.
O ! that I were there, if to do nothing more,
Than labor for bread, for the weakly and poor.

If God will permit, I will go, with great joy,
My faculties zealously there to employ.
Who knows but I yet may be able to bring
A great many *Heathen* to Jesus, their King ?

How vast are the fields you have opened to view,
All parching for lack of the heavenly dew—
The dew that the Spirit distils on the soul,
When washed in the blood of the Lamb, and made whole.

Alas ! that such myriads of minds should remain
In darkness and error—still bowing in vain
To idols, set up by their own foolish hands !
Such wretched delusion, our *pity* demands.

Not merely to *pity*—not only to *feel*—
But boldly to *act*, and to *labor* with zeal,
To carry the Gospel to every land—
This, this *must* be done—'t is Messiah's command.

And shall I still linger, when He has said "Go,
And I will be with you, and comfort you too?"
No, Lord, my delight is to wait upon Thee,
And go where Thou biddest, by land or by sea.

I *will* go—I *will* go—I'll waver no more—
Emanuel's banner is floating before.
Down, down with dumb idols, and ignorance gross—
For now must be raised the bright flag of the Cross.

George.

O ! dear, loving Brother, haste, haste to *prepare*—
O ! hasten to save them from death and despair!
They're waiting from *you* to receive the glad word.
O ! *hasten* therewith, in the name of the Lord.

Thus, hundreds of thousands will bless you, on high,
That *your* heart was moved by their piteous cry ;
And you will rejoice, when you hear them all sing,
Adoring, forever, their Saviour and King.

But should you *refuse*—(O ! awful to tell !)
These hundreds of thousands may sink down to hell,
And rise up in Judgment to *curse* you aloud,
For bringing them *not*, the true knowledge of God.

A Herald of Christ, and His cross, sooner be—
Though for it, the loss of all things you should *see*,
Though kindred and friends should forsake you with
scorn,
And all earthly prospects should seem most forlorn—

Than ever consent to sit down at your ease,
Though friends, sin, and Satan should constantly tease,

Or Monarchs should offer to crown you with gold—
Be *firm*, and decided, and preach the Truth bold.

Your robe shall be richer than Emperors wear,
Your crown shine far brighter than their dazzling glare;
And long after their's shall have mouldered away,
Will glow with rich splendor, in unending day.

Joseph.

I thank Thee, O, Lord, that my Brother, and Friend,
Has taught me these lessons—O ! then may I spend
My efforts, with him, in a far distant land,
And there be united, in heart and in hand.

We 've labored together in Prison and pain—
Then may we not labor together again ?
O ! send us to those who in darkness do lie,
To reap a rich harvest before we shall die.

George.

Amen, gracious Father ! O, hear this our prayer,
For His sake alone, who our sorrows did bear.
Now, Brother, here is both my heart and my hand,
To labor with you, in a dark Pagan land.

PENITENTIARY, March 17, 1846.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER

When I was in youth, and surrounded with mirth,
Which strove to entice me, and bind me to Earth,
I found pleasures richer, delightful and rare,
Retired alone, in my *Bower of prayer*.

My Brothers and Sisters, and fond Parents, dear,
Oft sought, with great pleasure, my bosom to cheer ;
When sick or afflicted no efforts did spare—
But sweeter to me, was my *Bower of prayer*.

Kind neighbors and friends, in abundance I had,
Whose sweet Christian fellowship made my heart glad ;
But friendship, *more* precious and pure, did I share,
With Jesus, alone, in my *Bower of prayer*.

When troubles or trials, my mind sorely press'd,
Or aught from within, or without me distress'd :
O ! then 't was reviving to roll all my care
On Jesus, my Friend, in the *Bower of prayer*.

In stillness of evening, when floats the cool breeze,
In soft, gentle whispers, among the thick trees,
Or catching the *early*, health-bracing air—
'T was sweet to go kneel in my *Bower of prayer*.

Long shut up in Prison, where wickedness reigns,
And thickly surrounded by oaths, whips, and chains ;
While trials, reproaches, and suff'ring I bear—
O ! how I do long for my *Bower of prayer*.

When from this confusion, these curses and noise,
Which greatly my comfort and peace now annoys,
My gracious Redeemer shall *freedom* declare—
O ! how I will prize my sweet *Bower of prayer*.

Though long a poor exile, and captive, I moan,
Away from my kindred--away from my home—

Or unto some far distant country repair—
I'll ever remember my BOWER OF PRAYER.

PENITENTIARY, March 17, 1846.

BURNING OF THEOPOLIS CHAPEL.

The MISSION INSTITUTE is situated in Illinois, about two miles from the Mississippi River. The sentiments of Anti-Slavery were freely discussed, and boldly maintained, by all the Students and Colonists. MISSOURIANS possessed an inveterate hatred toward the people and place, and often made their boasts and threats that they would destroy the "Abolition Institute," and all connected with it—the women excepted—who were advised to save themselves, by leaving the place. For some time, a strong Guard was stationed around the Institute, for its defence; but when the most of the citizens were absent in Quincy, attending a protracted meeting, in Feb., 1843, (I think,) the Chapel, containing the Institute Library, and other valuables, was burned to the ground, by a company who came from Missouri—a distance of some 80 miles.

T was on a sable, silent, wintry night,
When lo ! a fiendish throng, with armed might,
Sworn-bound by oaths and imprecations strong,
That they would neither sleep nor join in song,
Till they our *Holy House* in ruins laid,
Which for the worship of our God was made :

With quickened, cautious, and with guilty step,
When all was still, and *honest* people slept,
Hastened where Love maintained her quiet reign,
And all was sacred to Jehovah's name—
Their work of outrage eager to begin,
And thus *immortal* INFAMY to win.

So when Missouri's band had gathered there,
And stood surrounding our sweet house of prayer,

Quickly, with impious, sacrilegious hands,
They thrust therein the flaming fire-brands;
And deadly bombs of powder, placed beneath,
To murder all who came to its relief !

Then, villain-like, before the dawn of day,
They fiercely drove their steeds, to haste away—
Nor ceased, till King of Rivers rolled between,
Lest they, by *human* beings should be seen—
Afraid to meet an honest, *white* man's stare,
Though armed with pistols, clubs, and dirks, they were.

But ah ! the mournful and distressing sight!
Our little Hamlet is illumed by night,
With lurid flames, which from our *Temple* rise
In glowing, winding columns to the skies—
Before the throne of heaven to proclaim
The *Arson*, and each *perpetrator's name*.

Now higher yet they rise, and still increase,
Nor will a moment, from their raging cease,
For all the sighing, tears and groans that blend,
And with them to the throne of God ascend !
Distressing sight ! Our *Library* is doomed
To be, in the proud element, consumed !

Ah ! see those Bibles—precious more than gold--
And many books of ancient date, which told
Of wondrous things, and light in by-gone days—
And our sweet “Songs of Zion”—hymns of praise—
Greek, Latin, Hebrew—Classics—many names—
Ah ! there they go, ascending with the flames !!

Crash ! crash ! the structure tumbles to the ground.
 Bang ! bang ! the bombs, with a loud, thundering sound.
 But, by a watchful, providential care,
 No one is injured, even to a hair.
 Thus, missed our enemies, their deadly aim—
 For they who trust in God, trust not in vain.

To cap the climax of iniquity,
 That they might genuine "*Diabolians*" be,
 They sneakingly retired to their den :
 From whence they issued forth by night--and then,
 Just like their Sire APOLLYON, roared aloud,
 And charged this monstrous outrage upon GOD !!!

And thus they spoke. "We did, indeed, depart
 With this determination in our heart--
 The *Abolition Institute* to BURN.
 But e'er we there arrived, this news did learn,
 That God, before us, had the work performed, (!)
 For which we left our friends and neighbors, armed !"^{*}

Blasphemous FALSEHOOD ! Daringly profane !
 For my own ears, heard once, and then again,
 From those who with them, in their caverns live,
 Applaud the act, and countenance do give—†
 That "*For this purpose, they DID THERE PROCEED,*
Nor turned back, TILL THEY HAD DONE THE
DEED" !!

Though soon we had another Chapel built,
 Inscribed with pen of iron, is their guilt,

* In the Hannibal paper—Marion Co. Mo.

† Once from a visitor, and once from Joel Richmond.

Which nothing but *repentance* can erase,
And a free pardon from the God of grace—
And then, as loyal subjects of our King,
We'll hail them BRETHREN, and together sing.

FOR SABBATH MORNING.

Welcome, reviving day!
We hail thy kind return:
Ye worldly cares, away—
Your calls, to-day, we spurn.
In honor of our glorious King,
We'll join to read, and pray, and sing.

This morning, from the grave,
Our conquering Leader rose:
Almighty now to save—
Triumphant o'er His foes.
Then will we seek His saving grace,
And joy to view His smiling face.

Upon this day, of old,
Did ancient Christians meet,
Sweet fellowship to hold,
And worship at His feet.
And we will gladly do the same,
And magnify His holy name.

A day of calm repose,
From toils and tumults loud—
A soothing balm for woes,
And hearts with sorrow bow'd.

O, may our souls be richly blest,
And sweetly on the Sabbath rest.

A day to search our heart,
And try our ways with care ;
With every sin to part,
Nor any idol spare.

Teach us *ourselves*, O, gracious God,
And lead in paths the Saviour trod.

A day, new strength to gain,
Fresh courage, patience, faith,
To bear reproach and shame,
And faithful be to death.

O ! gird us, Lord, to run our race,
And quicken our dull, slothful pace.

A day of special joy,
Of gladness, of peace :
May nought our minds employ,
But how we may increase
In gospel holiness indeed,
And all mankind to Jesus lead.

A day of *holy* time--
To Jesus, sacred, all :
Let us "arise and shine,"
According to His call.

O ! keep us, Lord, from every sin,
Both going out and coming in.

A bright, refreshing *Type*
Of endless bliss above ;

Where faith is changed to sight,
And every heart is love.

O ! may we so its hours improve,
As thence will fit us to remove.

When here our work is o'er,
Eternity we'll spend
On that delightful shore,
Where Sabbaths never end.

There, with King Jesus, we shall dwell,
And high our notes of rapture swell.

MARCH 21, 1846.

THE HEART AND THE HAND.

She, who is now my wife, when making her last visit to me, in Prison, on leavin^z, gave me a paper heart and hand, wovⁿ together, which gave rise to the following.

With much prayer and counsel, we each gave our word,
(Recorded in heavcn, for all was there heard,)
Through life's dreary maze, by each other to stand—
And gave, as a *pledge*, both the *heart and the hand*.

But soon sore afflictions and trials came on,
Which blasted our prospects, and darkened our dawn :
Long parted—one dwelt in a hostile, strange land ;
Yet, still, each of each, had the *heart and the hand*.

The dungeon was lightened—the sorrows were soothed—
The years quickly pass'd—and the roughness was smooth-
ed—

Nor grievous did seem the Oppressor's demand—
Because thus united in *heart and in hand*.

Our friends may forsake us—our foes may unite,
 And join all their efforts our fond hopes to blight—
 The loud calls of *Mercy* and *Justice* withstand—
 They cannot us sever, in *heart and in hand*.

And when, here below, we're permitted to meet,
 In praises we'll join, and in fellowship sweet;
 For God we will live, and where *He* shall command,
 Go labor—united in *heart and in hand*.

Our toils and temptations will soon all be o'er,
 And then we shall meet on yon fair blissful shore—
 Meet Angels and Saints in Emanuel's land,
Forever united in HEART AND IN HAND.

DIALOGUE—No. 3.

PERFECTION.

Joseph.

O ! that I could to Jesus flee,
 With faith unwavering like thee—
 In every circumstance to feel,
 That He my every wound can heal—

That all my lusts He can subdue,
 And *will*, if I believe Him true :
 But *unbelief*, (O ! cursed bane,)
 Still doth my longing soul restrain.

How shall I drive the fiend away,
 That tells me 'tis in *vain* to pray

For *perfect* holiness and love,
Before I reach my *home above* ?

George.

Come, go with me to Calvary's mount,
And all the sufferings recount,
Of Him who died to save from *sin*,
And our most ardent *love* to win.

For *you* He wept and bled and died—
For *you* were pierced His hands and side :
He bore *your* sins upon the tree,
And wrought salvation *full* and *free*—

A balm for *every* wound procured—
For *every sin*, deep pangs endured—
For *every* case, provision made,
That *none* need ever be dismayed.

Now hear His voice—"Ye weary, come,
Whate'er you ask in faith *is done* !
'Be not afraid, only *believe*',
And all My grace you shall receive.

Just open wide to Me your heart,
I'll bid each rival hence depart,
And there *My* dwelling-place shall be,
To sup with you, and you with Me.

Your sinful passions I'll *subdue*,
And form your nature all anew :
Will fill you with My *perfect peace*,
My love, and *joy*, that never cease.

New yield yourself to My control,
 I'll *sanctify* and *keep* your soul--
 And make you humble, docile, mild,
 In spirit like a little child.

Say, will you in My words *confide*?
 View in My hands, and feet, and side,
 The *certain* pledges that I'll do,
 With great delight, ALL THIS FOR YOU!"

O ! Lord, I yield—I yield to Thee,
 My Saviour from *all sin* to be :
 To work in me, by Thy rich grace,
 The *heights* and *depths* of HOLINESS.

THE DOLEFUL CRY.

Hark ! hark ! a mournful sound I hear,
 The accents of distress :
 Hark ! hark ! again it strikes my ear,
 In language most express.

Ah ! 'tis the doleful cry of those
 In distant heathen lands,
 Who groan beneath their heavy woes,
 And lift imploring hands.

With chains of *Error* they are bound,
 In Superstition's cell :
 And such the darkness how'ring round,
 Their mis'ries none can tell.

Some echoes, faint, from Calvary,
Have wafted to their shore :
Their trust in idols, vain they see,
And worship them no more.

And feeling they are now undone,
They send to us their call :
“ *Come over, O ! come over, come,*
And help us from this thrall.”

O ! who will hasten to assist ?
“ Here, Lord, am I, send me : ”
And wake Thy people to enlist,
With zeal and energy.

Lord, send Thy Gospel far and wide,
To Earth’s remotest coast :
Till all shall own Thee for their Guide,
And join Emanuel’s host.

DIALOGUE—No. 4.

TEMPTATION.

Joseph.

I have been somewhat sad, to-day--
The *why* I cannot rightly say ;
I have been burdened with a load,
And could not keep my thoughts on God.

George.

Ho ! ho ! ye heavy laden, come,
Roll all your burdens on the Son :

He cares for you, He knows your case,
And will supply *all needed* grace.

To Him unbosom all your heart,
Tell Him each grief and every smart,
Then wait, submissive at His feet,
Till He imparts the joy you seek.

Joseph.

The Devil whispered in my ear,
“ Christ’s promises do not appear
To be fulfilled upon thy heart—
Where is the joy He should impart ? ”

Dear Saviour, bid my heart be still,
And meekly wait Thy sovereign will :
Thou art not slack, Thy word is true,
Thou surely wilt my foes subdue.

George.

Amen, dear Lord, come reign within,
In each temptation save from sin ;
Increase our faith—increase our hope,
Nor let us in the darkness grope.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

When Jesus Emanuel descended to Earth,
Bright Angels celestial, caroled His birth ;
The angelic choir left their mansions of bliss,
And flew to proclaim Him the blest “ *Prince of Peace.* ”

With music most charming, which made the air ring,
Did that shining legion, their peace-anthem sing ;
In heaven, with rapture, the tidings were heard,
And mortals delighted to hear the glad word.

“All glory to God ! ‘mong the highest resound,
That for guilty rebels, a Saviour is found :
Peace, peace upon Earth, and good will to mankind,
Redemption for captives, and sight for the blind.”

From heaven to earth, the great *Peace-maker* came,
To treat with mankind, in *King SHADAIH*’s name ;
And journeyed through countries and towns to make
known
The offers of peace, from the King on His throne.

Reproaches, and hunger, and toils He endured !
Then suffered, and *died* e’er our peace was procured !!
He signed the conditions, and sealed with His *blood*,
That all should be *sure* on the part of our God.

And when from the grave He triumphant arose,
O’er death, hell, and Satan, and all His strong foes :
“*Peace, peace to you all !*” He continued to cry—
“*Peace to you—Fear not—It is I—It is I.*”

Before His disciples and friends He would leave,
Lest they His departure should overmuch grieve :
“*My Peace I leave with you—My Peace I do give—*
MY PEACE shall dwell in you as long as you live.

You shall, for My sake, meet with scorn and contempt,
Your bodies with scourges and tortures be rent :

But though tribulations should greatly increase,
Be still of *good cheer*, for you shall have MY *peace*."

And when the time came for our Prince to depart,
A love, strong and ardent, still burned in his heart :
Nor e'en to the *last*, did his tender care cease—
He called them together and blessed them with *Peace*.

" And having made Peace through the blood of His Cross."
The tempests may blow, and billows may toss ;
He sits on His throne, now encircled with light,
DISPENSER and AUTHOR of *Peace in full right*.

As " COUNSELLOR," there for poor sinners He stands,
Presenting His temples, pierced feet, side, and hands :
Nor can any mortal, the least peace obtain,
But in and through his His *all-prevailing, great Name*.

And now, in the " Gospel of peace," He imparts
Unspeakable Peace to His followers' hearts ;
In every condition, though comforts decrease,
He's known and acknowledged as " THE PRINCE OF
PEACE."

PENITENTIARY, April 14, 1846.

G CLEF LETTERS

First A upon the second space,
And ledger line, on high ;
And B we on the third line place,
The middle, by the by.

Then on space third is stationed C,
And ledger line below :
Upon the fourth line we find D,
And under space, you know.

On space the fourth we look for E,
And on the first line too ;
Then on the fifth line F we see,
And on first space, in view.

On space *above* is seated G,
And line just over F ;
Nor let it once forgotten be,
These rules are for G clef.

DIALOGUE—No. 5.

AFRICA.

Joseph.

O ! when, dear Brother, shall we meet,
And all the joys of Love repeat,
Where Nature sheds her fragrance sweet,
In *Africa* ?

The Lore of Christ ! (O ! boundless theme !)
This, from our souls shall ever beam,
With this our hearts shall ever teem,
In Africa.

Though far from home and kindred dear,
No more their tender words to hear,

The Love of Christ shall still be near,
In Africa.

What earthly hope can this excel,
That Afric's sons shall hear us tell
How Jesus seeks with them to dwell,
In Africa?

And when, beneath some balmy shade,
They gather round, in neat parade,
None to molest, or make afraid,

In Africa.

Then will we tell them of that Love
Which pours in richness from above,
On all, who from their gods remove,

In Africa.

Methinks I hear them shout with joy,
And eagerly their hands employ,
Their senseless idols to destroy,

In Africa.

Then, all their superstition gone,
They will agree to act as one,
To build a house to God alone,

In Africa.

Each to his neighbor will be true,
And serve the Lord with fervor, too—
For Christ will form their hearts anew,

In Africa.

Our Wives, their little ones, will learn,
From infancy, their great concern,
That good from bad they may discern,
In Africa.

Their Mothers, too, our Wives will show,
How all their follies to forego,
That all may then their virtue know,
In Africa.

We, oftentimes, with one accord,
Will meet to worship God the Lord,
And feast upon His holy word,
In Africa.

Thus, like one family we 'll be,
Living in peace and amity,
And praise the Lord for what we see
IN AFRICA.

George.
My soul has oft compassion felt
For those who long in gloom have dwelt,
And unto senseless idols knelt,
In Africa.

Long, long have I desired to go,
The way of Life to them to show,
That all, of Jesus' love might know,
In Africa.

How hast thou been oppressed and spoiled,
And midst unnumbered sorrows toiled,

At sound of which our hearts recoiled,
O, Africa!

Thy sons and daughters from thee torn,
Have been to distant countries borne,
In deepest agony to mourn,

O, Africa!

The Nations round did zeal display,
To bear thy gentle sons away,
As if thou wast their lawful prey,
O, Africa!

Alas! *our* Nation, deep in guilt,
Has rivers of thy heart's blood spilt,
And with thy tears her temples built,
O, Africa!

But can there be devised a way,
By which we can thy wrongs *repay*,
And *heal* thy bleeding wounds? Say, say,
O, Africa!

Our fiendish outrage we confess,
Our barb'rous actions numberless;
Yet can we not thy children bless,
O, Africa?

Africa

Ye Nations of the Earth, you ne'er
Can heal the wounds inflicted here,
Nor wash your skirts from blood-stain clear,
Of *Africa*.

Yet this return you sure can give—
Come teach us how our *souls* shall live,
And we will freely all forgive,

In Africa.

George.

On us their claims are strong and just,
Nor can be from our Nation thrust,
But to relieve them, *go we must*,

To Africa.

They ask, and God requires it too,
That we this much for them should do,
And haste to spread *Salvation* through

All Africa.

O ! who will go ? O ! who will go ?
Young men and maidens, don't say *no*,
But *haste* to save from endless wo,

Poor Africa.

Let her petitions reach your heart,
And lead you speedily to start,
The richest blessings to impart

To Africa.

Think how you have by her been blest,
With dainties fed, and richly drest,
The earnings of the poor oppress,

Of Africa !

Think how they 've suffered for your sake,
'Mid groans and tears and labors great !

And will you not the *Gospel* take
To Africa?

Dear Brother, should the Church sit still,
If it may be our Father's will,
We'll go, with Light and Truth to fill,
Dark Africa.

We've suffered here, and oh! how sweet
'T will be, in yonder clime to meet,
And lead the Tribes to Jesus' feet,
Of Africa!

Upon some lofty mountain height,
Or plains that stretch beyond the sight,
We'll joy to labor day and night,
For Africa.

Or siting by some crystal stream,
We will rehearse Mount Calvary's scene,
And see their faces *gladness* beam,
In Africa.

The old and young shall shout aloud,
And often there together crowd,
In Temples built to worship God,
In Africa.

O! vision bright! Lord, let us fly,
Together there to live and die,
That then our *bones* for help may cry,
For Africa.

Come, Saviour, ope' our Prison door,
And by Thy breezes waft us o'er,

To that neglected, bleeding shore,
To Africa.

Or if *our* service 'Thou refuse,
O! do Thou *other* Laborers choose,
And speed them with the *joyful news*,
To AFRICA.

PENITENTIARY, April 16, 1846.

S A N C T I F I C A T I O N — P R A Y E R .

O! come, sweet Jesus, come,
And in my bosom reign :
Bid each usurper now be gone,
And Thy own right maintain.

O! bind Thy wayward child
Fast to Thy sacred feet ;
And purge my heart—by sin defiled,
Yea, sanctify and keep.

Subdue each sinful lust,
And check each vain desire :
Teach me in *Thee alone* to trust,
And after Thee aspire.

O! bring me “health and cure”
From *all* the plague of sin ;
This is Thy word of *Promise* sure—
Now, Lord, the work begin.

Bring every power and thought
Under Thy gentle sway ;

For with Thy precious blood I'm bought,
And Thee I will obey.

Thy permanent *abode*,
O ! come and make with me—
And lead me in the heavenly road
Of *holy PURITY*.

From Earth's bewitching snares,
Secure my treach'rous heart ;
And when I'm tempted *unaware*,
Thy saving grace impart.

O ! lift my soul above
The vanities of Time,
And fill it with Thy "**PERFECT LOVE**,"
That every grace may shine.

Thy words of Truth reveal
With clearness, to my mind,
That I may upward press with **zeal**,
And leave the world behind.

Thy Promises, to use
Discreetly, teach me, Lord—
That I may ne'er Thy grace abuse,
But live upon Thy word.

My enemies subdue,
And plead with them my right ;
In mercy, form their hearts anew,
And bring them to the light.

O ! make me *useful*, Lord,
While here I stay—and then

Receive me to Thy great reward,
For Jesus' sake—Amen.

PENITENTIARY, April 17, 1846.

PRISONER'S INQUIRY—ANSWERED.

Amid so many cares,
Temptations, trials, snares,
How can a Prisoner find
Peace to his troubled mind ?

There is, my friend, one only way—
 Submit to God, and humbly pray.

But oh ! my sins are great,
And press with mountain weight :
With all my crimes in view,
What can a Captive do ?

Repent—repent—God will forgive—
O ! turn to Him, and you shall live..

There are so many here,
Who scoff, and laugh, and sneer
At Christians, that I fear
I could not persevere.

For help, then, to the Saviour cry,
And strength He'll give you from on high.

But after I am free,
Will it not easier be
My evil ways to mend,
And make my God my Friend ?

Sir ! you may *DIE*—make no delay :
O ! turn, and seek the Lord *TO-DAY*.

But I am now *disgraced*,
And ne'er can be effaced
The black and odious *stain*,
That rests upon my name.
Nay ! turn to God, with *all your soul*—
He'll pardon, and *blot out* the whole.

But will not *men* despise,
And count me, in their eyes,
An outcast, vile and mean,
Too loathsome to be seen ?
Fools might—but *honest, virtuous* men,
Will ne'er a *penitent* contemn.

If now from sin I turn,
And every evil spurn—
Do only what is just,
And place in God my trust—
You shall be happier than a king,
And here in *Prison*, joyful sing.

Well, yield to God I *must*,
And place in Him my trust :
Myself, my *all*, I give,
To serve Him while I live.
Amen ! Be faithful till you die,
And you shall reign with Him on high.

APRIL 18, 1847.

PRISONER'S SONG.

Now I'm afflicted, and greatly oppressed—
Greatly oppressed—greatly oppressed;
But I'll again with sweet FREEDOM be blest—
Freedom be blest—freedom be blest.
Here I'm surrounded with murmuring and strife—
The place, with evils of all kinds, is rife,
Which almost a burden and grief make my life—
Grief make my life—grief make my life.

These sore afflictions will all have an end—
All have an end—all have an end.
Pleasure my steps shall again then attend—
Again attend—again attend.
Sufferings and sorrows, I'll bid you adieu ;
With joy and transport, when parted from you,
The journey of life I will steady pursue—
Steady pursue, steady pursue.

With friends and kindred, again I'll unite,
Again unite, 'gain unite,
And in their presence find peace and delight :
Peace and delight—peace and delight.
The sweet will be sweeter than ever before,
And I shall value my comforts the more,
When all these distresses and trials are o'er—
Trials are o'er, trials are o'er.

Then I'll bear patient the keen, piercing blast,
Keen, piercing blast—keen, piercing blast,
Though now it's greivous, it will soon be past,

Will soon be past, will soon be past.
 Speed on the day—ye slow hours, roll along
 That time, when I to myself shall belong ;
 It will—O ! it *will*, yes, it **WILL** come, ere long—
 Will come ere long, will come ere long.

PENITENTIARY, APRIL, 1846.

NUPTIAL ADDRESS TO GOVERNOR EDWARDS.

This Address and Petition was occasioned by the following circumstance. Gov. Edwards made a journey to New England, New-York, &c., in the Spring of 1846. The Inspectors, and other citizens, told some of the prisoners, that he had gone to get a wife, and to transact some business for the State, and would return in two or three months. I said to myself, "If that is the case, I will be prepared, when he returns with his newly taken wife, to make an irresistible appeal to his sympathies."—He received the appeal kindly, but answered, "I am sorry to tell you I am not married."

All joy to the bride and the bridegroom of State,
 May peace, love, and comfort, and happiness great,
 With all the pure pleasures of husband and wife,
 Attend you in every condition in life.

Exalted a Ruler o'er this fruitful land,
 May God, from His infinite treasures, command
 All needed assistance to rule in His fear,
 To punish the guilty, the innocent clear.

Sir, may your "vine" flourish, with rich fruit abound,
 And "olive plants" sprightly your table surround,*

* Ps. 128 : 8.

To rise up and govern the land in your stead,
When you shall lie slumbering in dust with the dead.]

And now, since the heart of a lover you know,
You surely will listen to my notes of wo !

Nor from my sad tale with indifference turn,
While love in your bosom, so warmly doth burn.

Just ask your companion how she could endure
To see men her husband in prison immure,
And many long years be shut from her sight,
Her guide, joy, and comfort—support and delight

Ah ! ah ! Sir, full well to the *world* is it known,
That now nearly five years have tardily flown,
While I have been severed from one, dear as life—
My Friend and Companion—my espoused *Wife* !

Through all these long years, both by day and by night,
Her eyes raised to heaven, with watery sight—
Have prayers, for “the Guide of her youth,”* to the
skies,

With sorrow and sighing continued to rise.

Joy, joy to you, Sir, in your new, happy state,
But will not your pity within you awake,
To open before me, my prison doors wide,
And bid me to hasten and comfort my bride ?

’T is not for the pleasures of sense, I request,
And long with sweet freedom again to be blest,

*Prov. 2 : 17. Jer. 3 : 4.

Nor worldly enjoyments do seek for myself,
In ease, or indulgence, or hoarding up pelf.

But with an incessant and ardent desire,
Our souls do, in union, sincerely aspire,
To go where the light of the Gospel ne'er shone,
And offers of mercy, through Jesus, make known.

This, this, is for what we desire to live,
To this blessed work all our efforts to give—
To save precious souls who in darkness now grope,
And bring them acquainted with Jesus, our Hope.

Why may I not go, Sir? O, pray tell me why,
Or must I here suffer, and languish, and die?
Were I all that suffered, I'd then hold my peace,
For I shall soon be where all troubles will cease.

My mother is aged, and mourns night and day,
Beneath this affliction is pining away;
Ah! see her, by trouble forbidden to sleep,
And often sit weeping, unable to eat.

See! see her, as sighing, she walks the house round,
Lamenting her son with a dolorous sound!
O! do, sir, by one act, my mother's life save,
Or must she go mourning down, down to the grave?

My father, with sorrow, almost in the tomb,
Still lingers a little to see me come home;
How oft, to the West, does he cast his dim eye,
If happily he may, me returning, espy.

Their faces would brighten, like Jacob's of old,
Could they only once more their lost son behold,

And feel that he lives to be useful below,
While they to their rest everlasting shall go.

My brothers and sisters feel deeply the smart,
And with bitter anguish are pierced to the heart ;
The children oft asking, with tears flowing down,
“ O, mother, when will they let uncle come home ? ”

Then, kindred more distant, a numerous throng,
And friends, to the vast crowd of mourners belong :
From whom earnest cries daily rise to God’s throne,
That George, through your clemency, may return
home.

And many poor heathen, who ’ve heard of my name,
Are waiting to hear me the gospel proclaim,
Without which they sink down to death and despair—
O ! that I, to help them, could thither repair.

In view of the many afflicted with me,
And lifting up prayers unto heaven for thee ;
In view of the years I in suffering have spent,
O ! may not my pardon be speedily sent ?

All these, honored Sir, and ten thousand more,
Both now, and when these shall be called days of yore,
Will rise up with gladness to bless you aloud,
For cheering so many with deep sorrows bowed.

My partners, who with me came on the same charge,
Have long since, with transport, received their dis-
charge,
But what have I done, Sir ? O, tell me, I pray,
That I should remain so much longer than they ?

All were alike guilty—the crime was the same—
 And all came here bearing the same odious name ;
 All promised, when taking a faithful review,
 We would not, hereafter, in like manner do.*

Though yet I've not numbered in years twenty-nine,
 E'en now with white blossoms my young head doth shine,
 The premature fruits of my long suffering here,
 My incessant toiling, heart-sorrow and fear.

But as to great learning I do not pretend—
 I'll now bring my feeble attempt to an end,
 Though reasons and words I might still multiply—
 You will not require it, I'll therefore not try.

Joy, joy, to you, once more permit me to shout :
 Joy, joy, through all changes that may come about ;
 And O ! with your servant do not angry be,
 If once more I beg you, "Have mercy on me."

A D D R E S S T O M I S S D I X .

On the 14th of May, 1846, the celebrated Miss Dix visited our Prison, conversed with the officers, inspected the Prison, and conversed with prisoners about their treatment and circumstances. Expecting to see her the next day, I wrote for her the following, but did not have an opportunity to give it to her.

Bright Angel of Mercy, in pure virtue drest,
 By whose deeds of pity the prisoner is blest,
 Before whose appearance fly gloom and despair,
 While blessings, more numerous, the suffering share:

All joy and success in your labor of love,
 (O ! Spirit Divine, give her help from above,)

*That is, we would not go into a Slave State, to help away slaves.

Compassion for captives in all hearts to wake,
Their heart-breaking sorrows to alleviate.

Haste, haste through the land, like good Howard of
yore,
Each prison, each cell, and each dungeon explore ;
Seek out all the victims of crime and distress,
And thousands your name and your mem'ry will bless.

Probe deep all their sorrows—find out every grief—
Bind up broken hearts, and impart such relief,
As all the rich words of the Gospel afford
To penitent sinners who trust in the Lord.

Shrink not from the scenes so revolting to sight,
Which investigation will bring to the light ;
Stoop down and give ear to their sad tales of wo,
That thus what is needed you clearly may know.

Call loudly on Churches, the Nation arouse,
Your work of humanity warmly t' espouse :
Nor cease from your efforts, the dying to save,
Till nature shall fail, and you sink in the grave.

How glorious your object ! how noble the work !
Your powers of body and mind, all exert ;
Souls, *souls* shall be saved from sin, death, and hell,
The praises of Jesus forever to swell.

The hearts of poor prisoners *here* you have cheered,
To thousands, the name of " Miss Dix " is endeared ;
Great, great your reward, when the just shall arise,
To meet our King Jesus, descending the skies.

TO MRS. EUNICE CLARY—ON THE
DEATH OF ISAAC.

Thou “Mother in Israel,” weep not for your dead,
Though deep in the dust of the earth is their bed :
Think not that they’re lost, you shall meet them again,
Where sorrow ne’er enters, nor sickness, nor pain.

They’ve only gone home—should you murmur at this ?
Or would you recall them from those seats of bliss,
Where unalloyed pleasures forever do roll,
And smiles of the Saviour, enrapture each soul ?

Recall them ! no, no ! you have no such desire,
But with ardent longings your soul doth aspire,
To mount up and join them before the White Throne,
And dwell there in union with Jesus, at home.

Sing on, then, dear brother—your mother says, sing—
Sing loud alleluias to Heaven’s great King !
We’ll all come and join you, when pass a few days,
Our God and Redeemer forever to praise.

To be very useful, his prospects were bright—
But, mother, who took him away from your sight ?
“The Lord of the Vineyard !” and who knows as *He*,
In *what* part His servants can most useful be ?

He’s wise, kind, and good, high exalted above,
And metes out afflictions in infinite love.
Low, low at His feet, all-submissive, resigned,
May we, in His pleasure, our happiness find.

T H E D Y I N G S A I N T—(Miss M. F.)

Come ye who love the Saviour dear,
Shed not for me that bitter tear:
I'm going to His lovely arms—
Pray, what is this your soul alarms ?

O ! do not weep, it grieves my heart
To see you loth with me to part :
It is our ELDER BROTHER's voice,
Come, let your hearts with mine rejoice.

Would you my spirit still retain,
In this dark world of sin and pain ;
When Jesus now doth me invite,
To come and walk with Him in white ?

Come, come, dry up those weeping eyes—
The Heavenly Convoy, from the skies,
Are now descending to convey
Me to the realms of endless day.

Sing me, once more, that precious song,*
For here I cannot linger long ;
Let every heart and voice unite,
To poise my spirit for its flight.

We soon shall meet in realms above,
And join to sing "Redeeming love,"
With harps and voices tuned higher,
Than thoughts of mortals can aspire.

* The hymn, "*All is well!*"

Now, when my face you see no more,
 My absence, short, do not deplore :
 You 'll follow soon—rejoice and sing,
 "The King of Terrors has no sting."

O ! glory, glory, *there they come !*
 Farewell, dear friends, I'm going Home :
 My heart-strings break--my raptures swell—
 Farewell, beloved—a *short FAREWELL.*

MAY 26, 1846.

DEATH OF A PAIR OF TWINS.

Two spirits from the gracious hand
 Of Him who governs sea and land,
 From heaven to earth were sent ;
 They were His own, by sovereign right,
 But for sweet comfort and delight,
 Were to fond *Parents* lent.

They came and looked on Earth awhile—
 The Mother took them, with a smile,
 And clasped them to her breast :
 "Now, now, for many days," (thought she,)
 "I shall, with them, most happy be,
 And all will call me blest."

But ah ! how soon her heart was stung,
 And with the keenest anguish wrung,
 While she was left to mourn ;

The objects of her fond delight
Were quickly taken from her sight,
And from her bosom torn !

They listened to our notes of wo—
Saw griefs and sufferings here below,
Distress and misery :
Heard Captives groan from every shore—
The Nations' rage—the cannons' roar,
And shouts of victory !

Disgusted with the scenes of Earth,
Our joys, and momentary mirth,
They turned away, and sighed ;
They heard the Angels sweetly sing,
And longed, with them, to praise their King—
Looked upward—gasped—and *died* !

“The Lord did give, and take the same,
And blessed be His holy name”—
Ye parents, sound it loud :
Low, at His feet, submissive sit—
Yourselves, your all, to Him commit,
And know that He is GOD.

PENITENTIARY, May 26, 1846.

DEATH OF CHARLES T. TORREY.

Why did they thrust within those massive walls,
And long, that man of God, incarcerate ?
Beyond the reach of gentle Mercy's calls,

Which plead in vain his sentence to abate--
Where griefs and sufferings in all forms abound,
And mortal sorrow, of all kinds, is found.

What was his *crime*? If any man can tell,
That he should from his family be torn,
And bound within a gloomy *Prison* cell,
Oppressed, forsaken, destitute, forlorn.
The answer is at hand—attend and hear,
Nor blush to drop the sympathising tear.

He was a man of *philanthropic* soul—
Love, ardent *love*, to ALL MANKIND, he felt—
Wherever found, from North to Southern Pole,
His heart, with pity, for their woes did melt;
And anxious longings filled his generous mind,
Some active mode for their relief to find.

He wept and sighed—He pitied, prayed, and wept
O'er suffering millions, in our guilty land,
Who, in the dark, by *Legislation* (!) kept,
Are crushed and ground beneath the Oppressor's
hand—
While deeds of outrage are continually done,
Which well might put to blush the glowing Sun !

He cried to God, and loudly called on man—
Rehearsed the sorrows of the poor opprest—
From house to house, and publicly, the plan
Made known, by which the suff'rers might be blest.
'Twas chiefly this—"By moral means, induce
Each State, by *Law*, the FETTERS TO UNLOOSE."

This—THIS! Americans, was his great *crime*!
(At times, he whispered in a brother's ear,
And pointed *Northward* to Britannia's line,
Where Freedom's boon his aching heart might cheer.)
For **THIS**, they *seized, mock-tried, condemned, and cast*
Him in the *Felon's* dungeon, to the last!!!

There, there for eighteen mournful months he groaned ;
He wept and sighed—excessive toiled and bled,
While friends and kindred, his sad state bemoaned,
And gladly would have suffered in his stead.
But no—they could not give him e'en his *food*,
Nor other things, in need of which he stood.

Debarred from God's own house, he loved so dear—
Shut out from Christian fellowship, so sweet—
No voice of pity sounded in his ear,
Nor looks of sympathy his eyes did meet ;
But walls, and grates, and cells, and iron doors,
And whips, and chains, and fellow suff'ers' roars !

Contempt, reproach, and scandal, scorn and shame,
("Thief ! Traitor ! Villain ! Worse than murderer,")
Were vilely heaped upon his worthy name,
Because he would not with their sin concur ;
But ways of Justice, Truth and Mercy choose,
Though he should, for it, his own freedom lose.

But soon his crushed and wearied nature failed—
The strong foundations of his frame gave way ;
Disease his fragile tenement assailed,
And claimed his body as its lawful prey.

"Sick and in prison"—far from friends and home,
He suffered, pined and languished there alone.

His friends around ceased not to intercede
With him who governed o'er a *blood-stained* State—
His Consort plead—his children, too, did plead,
That they might only be allowed to take
Their dying father to his own abode,
To breathe, 'mid friends, his last, and go to God.

But no! e'en this petition was denied!
So small—so just—so safe—and yet so *kind*!!
In *Prison*, and 'mid *enemies* he DIED—
The sufferer's friend—an *honor* to mankind.
May God his widow and his fatherless,
Defend, and with all needed comforts bless.

Our Brother *died*—but 'twas the *VICTOR*'s death,
Who, in his fall, his greatest conquest won;
And more accomplished with his dying breath,
Than he, in all his life before, had done—
The shock was felt throughout th' Oppressor's camp,
It cooled their zeal, and did their courage damp.

Though here despised by men, and deemed unfit
The precious boon of Freedom to enjoy;
Far, far beyond their rage, he now doth sit,
Where proud Oppressors never more annoy:
Enjoying there his "*Home*" of which he wrote,
And for his own, and others' comfort spoke.

Rage on, ye haughty Tyrants of our land!
Crush down the poor and needy in the dust—

